THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™
HAUNTED HORROR™
#19
YOE® COMICS
Mr. KARSWELL
THE Y.Y.Y.S. WANTS YOU!

MR. KARSWELL

Visit Mr. Karswell in his warren: TheHorrorsofitAll.blogspot.com

IT'S OCTOBER, AND *HAUNTED HORROR* IS DEAD ON ARRIVAL... JUST IN TIME FOR *HALLOWEEN!* YES! I, *MR. KARSWELL,* HATH RETURNED FROM *BEYOND THE BLACK* WITH A VERY SPECIAL *HARVEST* OF DARK, DEPLORABLE *DELIGHTS!* HOW CAN ONE *ICKY 'OL ISSUE* CONTAIN SO MUCH *ALL HALLOW'S EVE* HIGH-JINKS AND HANKY-PANKY, YOU ASK? WELL, *BURY YOURSELF* WITHIN, WHERE WICKED WITCHES, BLOOD THIRSTY VAMPIRES, BLACK CATS, AND SINISTER SKELETONS STALK THE *SPOOKY, KOOKY NIGHT!* AND WHAT HIGH-SPIRITED *HORRIDAY* WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A *GRIM GRINNING GHOST* OR TWO?! SO PUT ON YOUR BEST *EVENING SHROUD,* AND LEAVE THE APPLE BOBBING TO YOUR UNCLE *(GET IT?)!* IT'S TIME TO GATHER 'ROUND THE FLICKERING BLAZE OF THE *JACK O'LANTERN* FLAME, AS WE SUMMON UP SOME SERIOUS, SEASONAL SCARES! *HAPPY HALLOWEEN!*

Art by Art Fuentes

Join the hordes at **Horror Comics: 1950s and Beyond!**

Look for another spine-tingling issue of *Haunted Horror* in two months!

If you collect horror comics and other Golden Age fare, we're always looking for scans for use in our books and comics. Please contact Craig Yoe through Facebook.

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On the cover, *Weird Tales of The Future #7*, May 1953. Artist: Bernard Baily. Stanley Morse.

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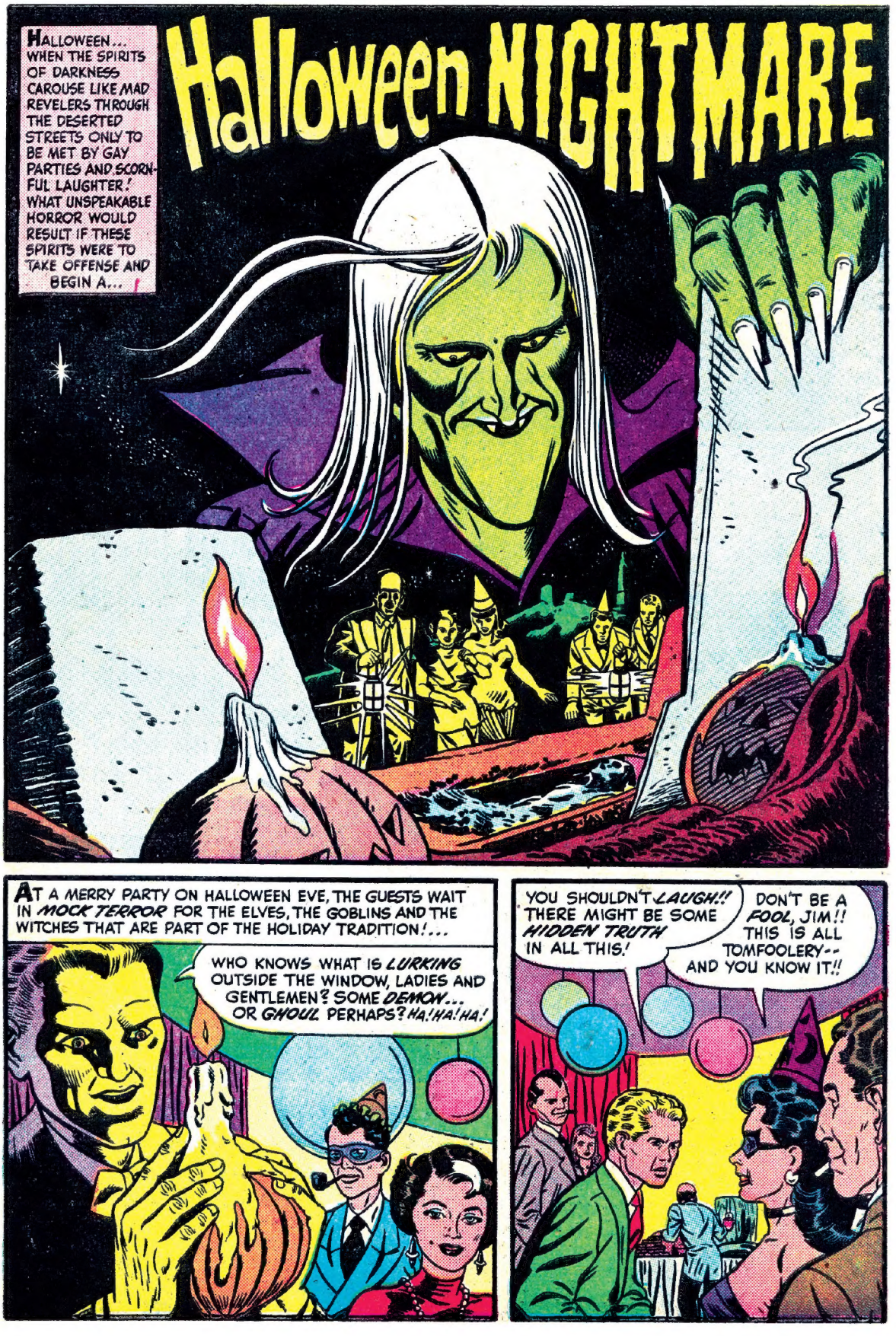
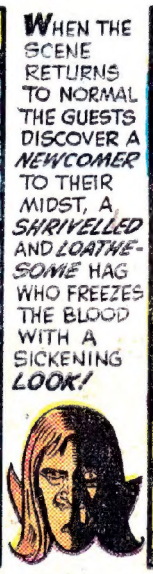

HALLOWEEN... WHEN THE SPIRITS OF DARKNESS CAROUSE LIKE MAD REVELERS THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS ONLY TO BE MET BY GAY PARTIES AND SCORNFUL LAUGHTER! WHAT UNSPEAKABLE HORROR WOULD RESULT IF THESE SPIRITS WERE TO TAKE OFFENSE AND BEGIN A... !
Halloween NIGHTMARE
AT A MERRY PARTY ON HALLOWEEN EVE, THE GUESTS WAIT IN MOCK TERROR FOR THE ELVES, THE GOBLINS AND THE WITCHES THAT ARE PART OF THE HOLIDAY TRADITION!...
WHO KNOWS WHAT IS LURKING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN? SOME DEMON... OR GHOUL PERHAPS? HA! HA! HA!
YOU SHOULDN'T LAUGH!! THERE MIGHT BE SOME HIDDEN TRUTH IN ALL THIS!
DON'T BE A FOOL, JIM!! THIS IS ALL TOMFOOLERY-- AND YOU KNOW IT!!

Black Cat #34, April 1952. Pencils: Manny Stallman; inks: Joe Giunta . Publisher: Harvey Comics.

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND...
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
WHOOM!


WHEN THE SCENE RETURNS TO NORMAL THE GUESTS DISCOVER A NEWCOMER TO THEIR MIDST, A SHRIVELLED AND LOATHESOME HAG WHO FREEZES THE BLOOD WITH A SICKENING LOOK!

WH--WHO ARE YOU??
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

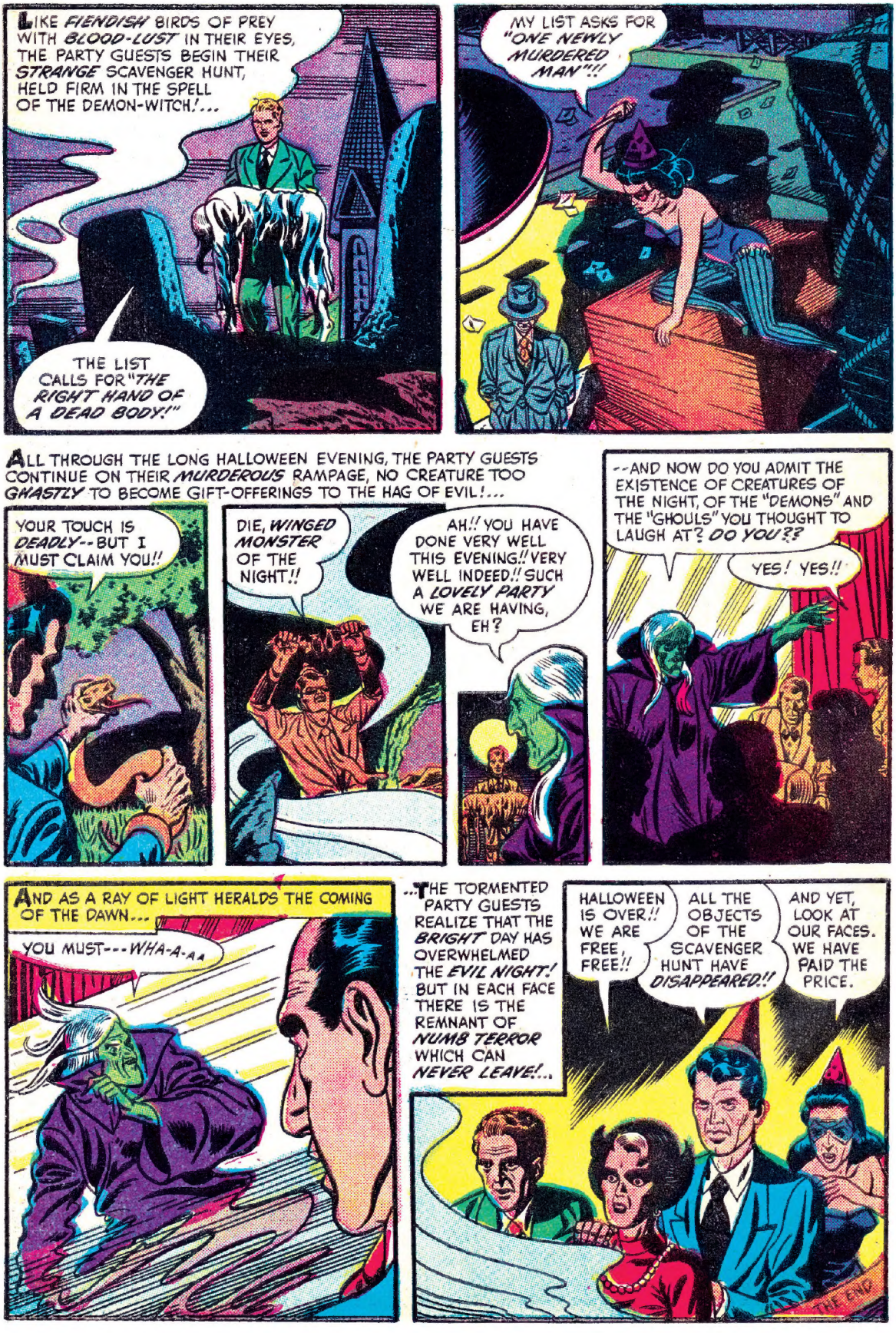
DON'T BOTHER WITH ME, MY FRIENDS!! PRETEND I'M NOT HERE AND KEEP YOUR PARTY GOING!!

WH-WHAT SAY WE PLAY BOBBIN' FOR APPLES?
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! I--I CAN GET THE APPLES!!

FOR A WHILE, GAIETY IS RESTORED AS THE GAME BEGINS--AND THE FIRST VICTOR STARTS TO EAT HIS PRIZE--ONE SHINY RED APPLE...
I GUESS I'M ENTITLED TO THIS! I CERTAINLY HAD ENOUGH TROUBLE GETTING IT!!

BUT SUDDENLY AS THE APPLE IS DEVOURED, A FRIGHTENING TRANSFORMATION BEGINS TO TAKE PLACE...
L--LOOK!! HIS FLESH IS STARTING TO ROT!!!
WHAT---
A-A-R-R-G-H!

NO! NO!! AWRR-G-GH!!
RAAGGH-H-H!!
THROWN INTO WILD PANIC BY THE FEARFUL SIGHT, THE PARTY GUESTS RUSH FRANTICALLY TOWARDS THE DOOR, HOPING TO ESCAPE THE EVIL PRESENT AMONG THEM!...
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!
STOP, FOOLS!! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ESCAPE THE WRATH OF THE SPIRITS OF DARKNESS SO EASILY? WE WILL TEACH YOU TO SCORN US, TO DOUBT OUR EXISTENCE!
AS IF IN A DEATH-LIKE TRANCE, THE GUESTS CONTINUE THEIR PARTY, THEIR EYES FIXED WITH TERROR ON THE VILE BLACK CREATURE BEFORE THEM!...
HERE ARE THE LISTS FOR YOUR SCAVENGER HUNT! I'M SURE YOU'LL ENJOY THEM!!
FRESHLY BURIED CORPSE
GO
CEMETERY
BRING BACK
RIGHT !!
WE MUST DO AS YOU SAY!
"THE RIGHT EYE OF A FRESHLY BURIED CORPSE!" "DIRT FROM A NEW GRAVE!" WHAT HIDEOUS LIST HAVE YOU MADE FOR US?
"A BAT'S WING!" "VENOM OF A POISONOUS SNAKE!" NO!! NO!!
THE RIGHT EYE OF A FRESHLY BURIED CORPSE
HURRY, MY FRIENDS!! I SHALL BE WAITING ANXIOUSLY FOR YOUR RETURN!! DO NOT DISAPPOINT ME!!
DRUGS
WHAT CAN WE DO? WE ARE IN HER POWER!
THERE IS NO ESCAPE!


LIKE FIENDISH BIRDS OF PREY WITH BLOOD-LUST IN THEIR EYES, THE PARTY GUESTS BEGIN THEIR STRANGE SCAVENGER HUNT, HELD FIRM IN THE SPELL OF THE DEMON-WITCH!...
THE LIST CALLS FOR "THE RIGHT HAND OF A DEAD BODY!"
MY LIST ASKS FOR "ONE NEWLY MURDERED MAN"!!!
ALL THROUGH THE LONG HALLOWEEN EVENING, THE PARTY GUESTS CONTINUE ON THEIR MURDEROUS RAMPAGE, NO CREATURE TOO GHASTLY TO BECOME GIFT-OFFERINGS TO THE HAG OF EVIL!...
YOUR TOUCH IS DEADLY--BUT I MUST CLAIM YOU!!
DIE, WINGED MONSTER OF THE NIGHT!!
AH!! YOU HAVE DONE VERY WELL THIS EVENING!! VERY WELL INDEED!! SUCH A LOVELY PARTY WE ARE HAVING, EH?
--AND NOW DO YOU ADMIT THE EXISTENCE OF CREATURES OF THE NIGHT, OF THE "DEMONS" AND THE "GHOULS" YOU THOUGHT TO LAUGH AT? DO YOU??
YES! YES!!
AND AS A RAY OF LIGHT HERALDS THE COMING OF THE DAWN...
YOU MUST---WHA-A-AA
...THE TORMENTED PARTY GUESTS REALIZE THAT THE BRIGHT DAY HAS OVERWHELMED THE EVIL NIGHT! BUT IN EACH FACE THERE IS THE REMNANT OF NUMB TERROR WHICH CAN NEVER LEAVE!...
HALLOWEEN IS OVER!! WE ARE FREE, FREE!!
ALL THE OBJECTS OF THE SCAVENGER HUNT HAVE DISAPPEARED!!
AND YET, LOOK AT OUR FACES. WE HAVE PAID THE PRICE.
THE END

MEMO
EDITOR to PUBLISHER
This story showed up in today's mail--unsigned, no return address, lots of blood on the envelope. Shall we ?
PRINT IT! ONLY FAIR THAT THE PUBLIC BE WARNED THAT ANYBODY-- NO MATTER HOW INNOCENT-APPEARING-- MIGHT BE A VAMPIRE!
R.A.
Out of the BLACK NIGHT
"I AM MISS ALLBRIGHT. I TEACH THE SECOND GRADE AT THE PRIMARY SCHOOL ON HARWELL LANE. THIS IS A FINE TOWN --NOT TOO MUCH TRAFFIC, THE LAWNS ARE WELL-TENDED... BUT--SHHHHH-- BETTER LET ME WHISPER THIS INTO YOUR EAR...THERE IS A VAMPIRE AMONG US!"
"HEAVEN KNOWS HOW LONG THIS HAS BEEN GOING ON. AFTER ALL, I'VE BEEN IN THIS TOWN ONLY SIX MONTHS. BUT THE FIRST I KNEW OF IT, WAS THE NIGHT DR. SWEDER WAS ATTACKED..."
"DR. SWEDER WAS FOUND THE NEXT MORNING, COMPLETELY DRAINED OF BLOOD, WITH TWO NEAT LITTLE PUNCTURES IN HIS THROAT..."
Lou Cameron

Web of Mystery #20, September 1953. Art: Lou Cameron. Publisher: Ace Magazines.

"I MUST CONFESS THAT AT THE TIME, I ACTED THE ROLE OF THE SKEPTIC . . ."

REALLY, GENTLEMEN, THIS IS THE 20th CENTURY! VAMPIRES...! HOW ABSURD CAN YOU GET? DO YOU REALIZE THE PANIC THAT WILL SPREAD IF YOU KEEP TALKING THIS WAY? THINK OF YOUR WIVES AND YOUR CHILDREN . . .!

"I ALWAYS WAS A CONVINCING SPEAKER... THE POLICE PROMISED TO HANDLE THE MATTER AS A ROUTINE MURDER . . ."

LUCKY FOR US THAT MISS ALLBRIGHT HAS A STEADY HEAD ON HER SHOULDERS . . .

AMBULANCE

"BUT THE NEXT TIME THE FULL MOON ROSE..."

"...THE VAMPIRE STRUCK AGAIN!!"

WILLIAMS AVE

"THIS TIME THE VICTIM WAS MR. WALLNER, A LAWYER..."

"AND WHEN MR. WALLNER WAS FOUND THE NEXT MORNING, COMPLETELY DRAINED OF BLOOD, WITH THE SAME TWO NEAT LITTLE PUNCTURES IN HIS THROAT, THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD SAY . . ."

I—I FEEL FAINT...

THERE'S NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT. SOMEBODY IN THIS TOWN IS A VAMPIRE!

"THAT NIGHT, A SEARCHING PARTY WAS ORGANIZED. CARRYING TORCHES AND ARMED WITH STEEL SPIKES, THE MEN ROAMED THE FIELDS ALL AROUND THE TOWN . . ."

"BUT WHEN MORNING CAME, THEY TRUDGED SLOWLY BACK -- DISCOURAGED AND EMPTY-HANDED..."

WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO NOW...?

NOTHING TO DO BUT PATROL THE STREETS AT NIGHT, AND KEEP ALL WOMEN AND CHILDREN INDOORS...

"AFTER THAT, EVERYTHING WAS QUIET FOR A WHILE... WHEN TWO MONTHS PASSED AND THE VAMPIRE HAD NOT STRUCK AGAIN, TENSE NERVES BEGAN TO SLACKEN. PEOPLE WALKED SMILING THROUGH THE STREETS AGAIN, AND THE NIGHT PATROLS WERE DISCONTINUED."

"IT WAS JUST ABOUT THEN THAT THIS NEW LITTLE BOY CAME TO SCHOOL. HIS NAME WAS JETHROE TURNER. HE HAD A PALE SENSITIVE FACE WITH LIPS THAT WERE REMARKABLY FULL AND A BRILLIANT RED . . ."

CHILDREN, JETHROE IS YOUR NEW CLASSMATE, AND I WANT YOU ALL TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH HIM...

"THEN, JUST SO THE CHILDREN WOULD CONSIDER HIM LESS OF A STRANGER, I ASKED LITTLE JETHROE SOME QUESTIONS . . ."

JETHROE, I WANT YOU TO TELL US ALL ABOUT YOURSELF. NOW FIRST -- WHAT SORT OF WORK DOES YOUR DADDY DO? IS HE A CARPENTER, A LAWYER, A MILKMAN . . .?

"JETHROE SAID, 'NO', TO ALL MY GUESSES. AND THEN HE RAISED HIMSELF ON TIPTOE, AND WHISPERED INTO MY EAR. . . "

MY DADDY IS A VAMPIRE!

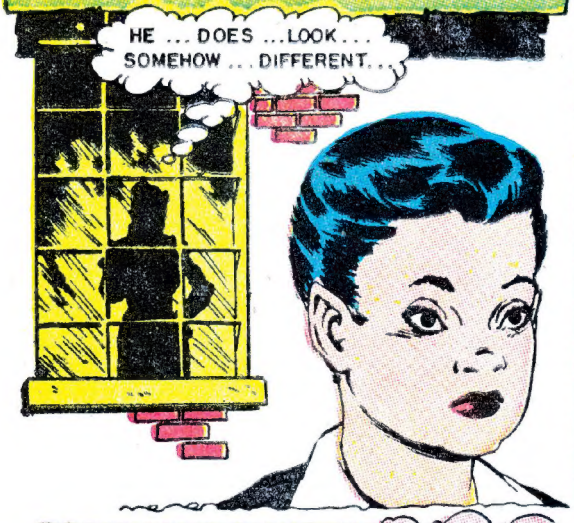
"I MUST CONFESS THAT I WAS TERRIBLY SHOCKED. FOR A MOMENT, IN FACT, I LOST MY COMPOSURE..."

YOU NAUGHTY BOY! THAT'S A HORRID FIB! YOU MUST NEVER NEVER GO AROUND SAYING THINGS LIKE THAT ABOUT YOUR DADDY!

BUT IT'S TRUE... (SOB)... IT'S REALLY TRUE . . .

STOP SAYING IT! I DON'T EVER WANT TO HEAR YOU SAY IT AGAIN!

"I SUDDENLY FELL INTO SILENCE. BOTH THE CHILD AND I WERE TOO UPSET TO PRESS THE MATTER ANY FURTHER . . . THAT AFTERNOON, WHEN JETHROE LEFT, I WATCHED HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW. . .



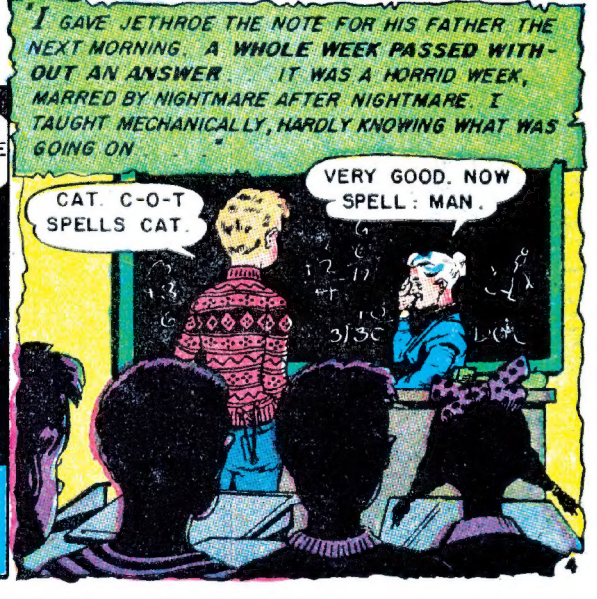
"WHEN EVENING CAME, I WROTE A VERY TACTFUL NOTE TO LITTLE JETHROE'S FATHER, ASKING HIM TO COME SEE ME AT SCHOOL . . . "

"I HAD A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE THAT NIGHT. I DREAMT THAT JETHROE AND HIS FATHER HAD ME CORNERED AT THE DEAD END OF A SHADOWY STREET. . "

"I SCREAMED, BUT THEY KEPT MOVING CLOSER AND CLOSER . . . "

"AND THEN--THANK HEAVEN--I WAS AWAKE, DRENCHED WITH PERSPIRATION, MY LANDLADY SHAKING MY SHOULDER . . . "

"I GAVE JETHROE THE NOTE FOR HIS FATHER THE NEXT MORNING. A WHOLE WEEK PASSED WITHOUT AN ANSWER. . . IT WAS A HORRID WEEK, MARRED BY NIGHTMARE AFTER NIGHTMARE. I TAUGHT MECHANICALLY, HARDLY KNOWING WHAT WAS GOING ON . . . "



"I HEARD DIMLY WHAT THE OTHER TEACHERS WERE SAYING; BUT I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. EVERY MORNING, I ASKED JETHROE IF HIS FATHER HAD READ MY NOTE. EVERY MORNING, JETHROE SAID YES -- BUT THERE WAS STILL NO ANSWER..."

SOMETHING WRONG WITH MISS ALLBRIGHT? SHE'S BEEN LOOKING SICK LATELY...

YES...I'VE NOTICED TOO. SHE'S BEEN WALKING AROUND IN A DAZE ALL WEEK...

"THEN THE FULL MOON ROSE..."

AAY RRGHH!

"...AND THE VAMPIRE STRUCK AGAIN!"

"THE NEXT MORNING, JETHROE BROUGHT A NOTE TO ME FROM HIS FATHER. MY HAND TREMBLED AS I UNFOLDED THE COARSE PAPER..."

Thank you for your interest. I am a busy man and cannot come to school. Could you possibly spend this evening at my home?

"IT IS TIME NOW... I AM WALKING SLOWLY TOWARD JETHROE'S FATHER'S HOUSE... THE HOUSE STANDS BY ITSELF ON A LONELY ROAD AT LEAST A THOUSAND YARDS FROM TOWN..."

"BEFORE I HAVE A CHANCE TO RING, THE DOOR CREAKS SWIFTLY OPEN..."

Y-YOU MUST BE JETHROE'S FATHER...

MISS ALLBRIGHT? HOW NICE OF YOU TO COME. PLEASE STEP INSIDE...

MY FAMILY IS AWAY. WE TWO ARE ALONE. THE PARLOR IS THIS WAY, MISS ALLBRIGHT...

"WE ARE SEATED NOW, EXCHANGING MEANINGLESS AMENITIES. SLOWLY, SURREPTITIOUSLY, AS I TALK, I DRAW FROM MY POCKETBOOK THE LITTLE HAND-MIRROR THAT WILL TELL ME THE TRUTH.../"

JETHROE IS...ER...A VERY REMARKABLE BOY...

BUT THEN . . .
YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE DONE THAT, MISS ALLBRIGHT. FOR THERE WILL BE NO REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR... AND THEN YOU WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN THAT I AM A VAMPIRE!
"HE TRANSFORMS FASTER THAN ANY VAMPIRE I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE! MY NIGHTMARE IS COMING TO LIFE . . .!"
"HE LUNGES AT ME!"
"BUT I DODGE... AND I AM READY FOR HIM! HE RECOILS IN HORROR WHEN HE SEES HOW READY I AM . . .!"
N-NO! NO!!
YES--I TOO! I AM THE VAMPIRE OF THE TOWN! IT IS MY TOWN... ALL ITS BLOOD IS MINE . . .! I WILL BROOK NO INTERFERENCE BY A RIVAL . . .
"THE SHOCK OF MY REAL IDENTITY HAS DISARMED HIM . . . "
". . . AND MY JAGGED TEETH DO THE REST...!"
SLEEP WELL, JETHROE'S DADDY . . . SLEEP THE DEEP SLEEP OF THE BLOODLESS...

"NOW, AS DEAR GENTLE MISS ALLBRIGHT AGAIN, I QUIETLY LEAVE THE HOUSE, AND WALK BACK TO TOWN..."

IT'S MINE! ...ALL THE TOWN IS MINE... WHEN HIS FAMILY RETURNS, THEY WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED, AND LEAVE BEFORE DAWN...

"BUT SUDDENLY MY QUIVERING NERVES SNAP UNDER THE IMPACT OF A HORRIBLE SHOCK!"

"DEMONS, FIENDS, LOATHSOME CREATURES OF THE NIGHT! THEY KEEP SWARMING AROUND ME!"

OOOOOO!! GGRRRR!

"SOMEHOW I'VE BEEN FOUND OUT! SOMEHOW I'VE TRANSGRESSED A LAW OF THE HORRIBLE LIVING-DEAD! THEY'VE COME TO GET ME!!"

HELP! HELP!

"I RUN BLINDLY, STUMBLE, FEEL MYSELF FALLING..."

WATCH OUT! THERE'S A SPIKED FENCE DOWN THERE!

EEEEEEIII!

"THERE'S A STAKE THROUGH MY HEART... IT'S THE ONLY WAY A VAMPIRE CAN BE KILLED BY NON-VAMPIRES... DIMLY, OVERHEAD, I SEE YOUNG HORRIFIED FACES... I HEAR TREMBLING VOICES..."

W-WHY DID MISS ALLBRIGHT RUN THAT WAY...? G-GOSH, I NEVER KNEW ANYONE TO BE SO SCARED BY MASKS AND COSTUMES...

SPACE CAD

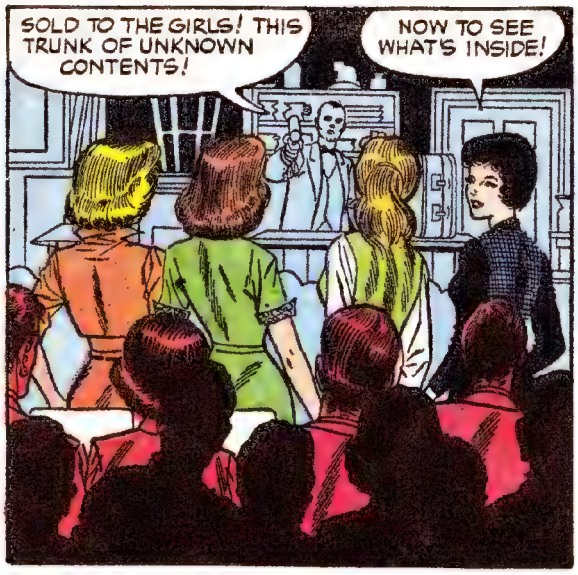
"I HAVE THE STRENGTH FOR ONE LAST GRIM SMILE... WHAT A STUPID HYSTERICAL OLD FOOL I HAVE BEEN! THIS LAST WEEK... THE WEEK THAT I SPENT IN A DAZE WHILE WAITING FOR AN ANSWER FROM JETHROE'S FATHER... WAS THE WEEK BEFORE HALLOWEEN!"

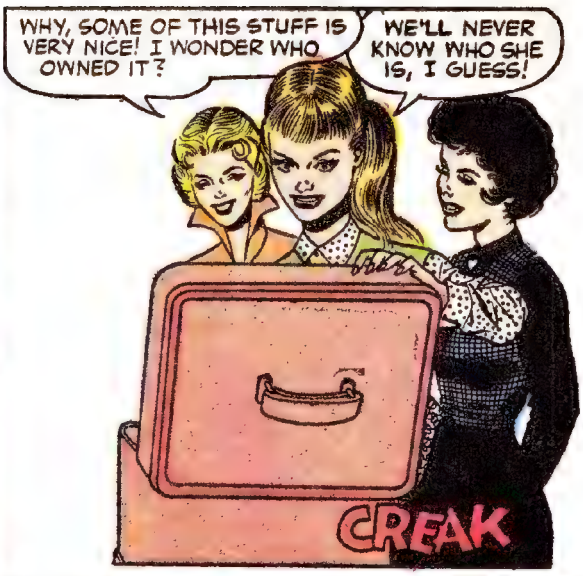
MONSTER LORE!
EACH OF THE HORRIBLE MONSTERS IN LEGEND HAD A FLAW, JUST AS HUMANS, AND COULD BE STOPPED...
THE GHASTLY FORM OF FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER, WHOSE DEEDS OF TERROR HAVE REDDENED MANY FICTION PAGES WITH BLOOD, WAS AFRAID OF... FIRE!
COUNT DRACULA, WHO AS A VAMPIRE, SUCKED THE BLOOD FROM HUMAN BODIES, WAS KILLED BY A... WOODEN STAKE!
THE WEREWOLVES OF EASTERN EUROPEAN LEGENDS WERE SUPPOSEDLY STOPPED FROM THEIR DEADLY WORK BY WEAPONS MADE OF SILVER.
THE MUMMIES OF EURASIAN TALES COULD BE SUMMONED FROM THEIR PATH OF HORROR BY THE BURNING OF A SPECIAL LEAF AND THE INVOKING OF AN EERIE CHANT.

Black Cat #34, April 1952. Art: Rudy Palais. Publisher: Harvey Comics.

GRAB-BAG
THE GIRLS LIFTED THE PRETTY THINGS THEY HAD BOUGHT AT THE AUCTION ...BUT WAS THERE SOMEONE ELSE CLAIMING THEM? SOMEONE FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GRAVE!
AND NOW, SORORITY SISTERS, I'M GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT SOMETHING THAT REALLY HAPPENED AT MY LAST COLLEGE!
WE WERE PLANNING A GRAB BAG PARTY...
BUT WHAT CAN WE PUT IN THE GRAB-BAG?
I HAVE A TERRIFIC IDEA! THE CITY IS SELLING UNCLAIMED MERCHANDISE AT AUCTION! MAYBE WE CAN PICK UP SOMETHING THERE!

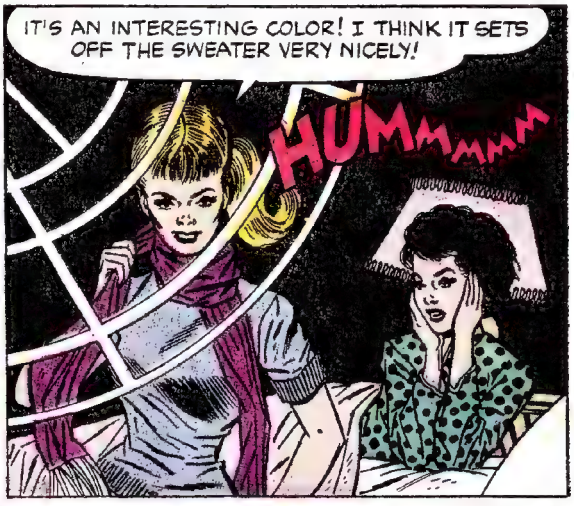
Ghost Comics #11, 1954. Pencils: Bill Benulis; inks: Jack Abel. Publisher: Fiction House.



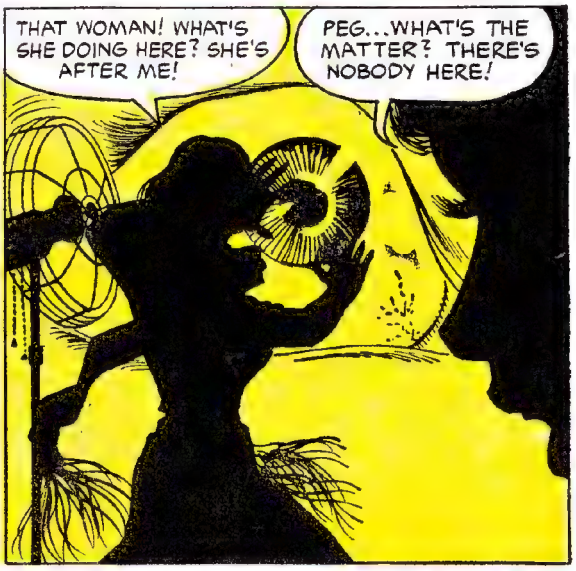


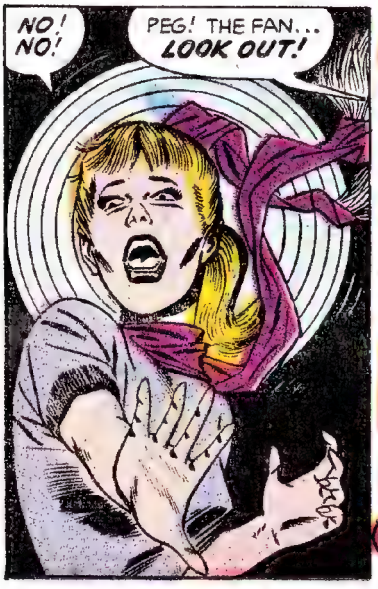
THE NIGHT BEFORE THE PARTY WE ALL HAD A HIDEOUS DREAM...

A FEW DAYS LATER, PEG DECIDED TO WEAR HER SCARF...



SUDDENLY SHE BEGAN TO SCREAM...





SO PEG WAS THE FIRST ONE TO GO! I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT SHE WAS SAYING...ABOUT THE WOMAN AND ALL...I THOUGHT SHE HAD JUST SUDDENLY SNAPPED!
A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER, LINDY DECIDED TO WEAR THE SHOES...
ARE YOU MEETING BOB?
YES, WE'RE GOING FOR A WALK UP NEAR LOVER'S LEAP! GIVE YOU A COMPLETE REPORT ON IT WHEN WE GET BACK!
NICE UP HERE TONIGHT! NICE AND LONELY!
NOT GETTING IDEAS, ARE YOU, ROBERT?
BOB TOLD US ABOUT IT LATER...
LINDY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU LOOK FUNNY...
A VOICE...CALLING ME! CAN'T YOU HEAR IT?
COME...COME...
A VOICE? NO, I CAN'T HEAR IT...
FROM OUT THERE... A WOMAN'S VOICE...
COME...COME...
LINDY WHERE ARE YOU GOING? HAVE YOU GONE NUTS?
4

LINDY, STOP!
I CAN'T HELP IT... THESE SHOES...ARE TAKING MY FEET... OUT THERE!
THUD
LINDY WAS KILLED. WE ALL ASSUMED HER MIND HAD BEEN AFFECTED BY WHAT HAPPENED TO PEG...
WE ALL TALKED ABOUT IT... BUT WINNIE DIDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH...
WELL, IT WAS JUST A COINCIDENCE, THAT'S ALL! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING FOR ANYONE TO GET ALL EXCITED ABOUT!
ISN'T THAT THE MIRROR YOU WON AT THE PARTY, WIN?
SURE IS! GOT A DATE TONIGHT! HAVE TO LOOK MYSELF OVER TO MAKE SURE I'M EXTRA PRETTY!
THIS MIRROR...THAT FACE... IT ISN'T ME...
NO...NO...NO...NO...
5

NO...NO...NO... NO...
SMASH
HA HA HAHA HA HA
LOOK...AT HER FACE...LIKE AN OLD WOMAN'S...
SHE'S... INSANE...
HAHA HAHA HAHA
WINNIE HAS BEEN IN A SANATORIUM EVER SINCE... AND ALL SHE DOES IS BABBLE ABOUT SOME WOMAN...
IS THAT WHY YOU LEFT THAT COLLEGE?
WELL...THE PLACE MADE ME SORT OF NERVOUS AFTER THAT...BUT I NEVER REALLY BELIEVED IN ANY GHOST...FOR INSTANCE, I STILL HAVE...
THOP
...THIS JEWELED PIN! IT'S MY PRIZE FROM THE GRAB-BAG!
OOOHHH! JEN, DO YOU THINK A GHOST WILL COME AFTER YOU?
NONSENSE! AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!
RAP RAP RAP
THE END

LIKE HALLOWEEN PARTIES? OF COURSE YOU DO-ESPECIALLY ONE LIKE THIS- WHERE THEY PLAY FOR KEEPS! BUT DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD OVER IT- SOMEBODY ELSE IS LIABLE TO PICK IT UP! AND OF COURSE THE PUNCH HAS BEEN SPIKED... THAT'S WHY IT HAS THAT CLARET COLOR... REAL BLOODY! AS FOR THE COSTUMES... THEY'VE BEEN DUG UP FROM... WELL, I'LL LEAVE THAT UP TO YOU!
TRICK OR TREAT
PIN THE TAIL ON THE DONKEY
THIS IS THE STORY OF TWO PEOPLE TALKING ABOUT A COMING HALLOWEEN PARTY! THE GIRL, WEALTHY PAM BENSON... THE FELLA, A GUY NAMED HAROLD LINDSY! HAROLD LOVED PAM, EVEN THOUGH SHE WAS ABOVE HIS STATION... WOULD DO ANYTHING TO WIN HER HEART! THAT'S WHY HE EAGERLY SUBMITTED TO HER EVERY SUGGESTION
I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I'M INVITING YOU TO MY HALLOWEEN PARTY- NOW DON'T JUST WEAR ANY COSTUME MAKE IT SOMETHING GOOD - THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, HAROLD... IF YOU WANT TO SEE ME AGAIN, DON'T DISAPPOINT ME!
YES, PAM... I MEAN NO!
WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE YOU'LL DO ANYTHING... ANYTHING...
CAN'T LET HER DOWN AGAIN... SHE'LL NEVER SEE ME IF I DO- I'VE GOT TO SHOW HER THAT I BELONG TO HER CROWD- I'VE GOT TO IMPRESS HER WITH A SENSATIONAL COSTUME!

Weird Mysteries #10, May 1954. Art: Eugene H. Hughes. Publisher: Stanley Morse.

HAROLD WENT TO THE DIRECTORY FOR HIS COSTUME - SURELY THERE WOULD BE SOMETHING THERE TO HELP HIM!

HMM... THAT ONE SOUNDS GOOD! HALLOWEEN-WEIRD-SURE - THEY'LL HAVE EXACTLY WHAT I WANT!

weird costumes designed for all occasions

AND SO HAROLD WENT TO THIS SHOP WITH HIS PROBLEM..

I'M GOING TO A HALLOWEEN PARTY AND I NEED A COSTUME... ONE THAT WILL...

I KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE... AND YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

HOW COULD THE MAN KNOW WHY HE WAS HERE? BUT THAT DIDN'T BOTHER HAROLD, IF HE COULD ONLY OUTFIT HIM THE WAY PAM EXPECTED, EVERYTHING WOULD BE OKAY...

NOW IT CAN'T BE ANY COSTUME... IT HAS TO BE SPECTACULAR - ALMOST REAL IF POSSIBLE!

DON'T YOU FRET - I HAVE JUST THE COSTUME YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, BUT I MUST WARN YOU...

HAROLD WASN'T INTERESTED IN ANY WARNINGS - ALL HE WANTED WAS THAT COSTUME...

THESE COSTUMES HAVE A MYSTERIOUS QUALITY ABOUT THEM - THEY MAKE THE WEARERS DO STRANGE THINGS - ACT THE ROLE OF THE COSTUME -

I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT - BESIDES THAT WOULD BE PERFECT - ENOUGH OF THIS TALK - LET'S SEE THESE MARVELOUS COSTUMES -

YOU LIKE THEM - ARE THEY NOT WHAT I TOLD YOU -

SAY... THESE ARE GOOD! NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THEM! BOY, WAIT TILL PAM SEES ME IN ONE OF THESE... I CAN'T MISS!

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THAT ONE... I THINK IT FITS YOUR PERSONALITY!

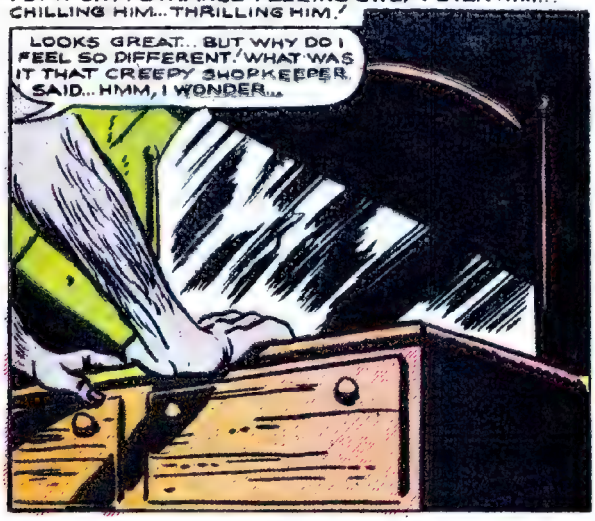
SURE - SHOULD BE GOOD FOR LAUGHS - I'M LIABLE TO BE THE BELL OF THE BALL - HA! HA! HA!

WELL, HAROLD HAD HIS COSTUME NOW, AND EVERYTHING WAS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT BETWEEN HIM AND HIS GIRL - HE HAD NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT - NOTHING BUT.

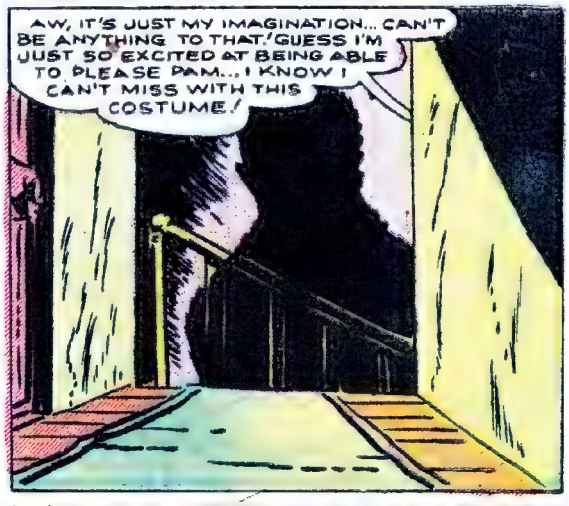
DON'T FORGET WHAT I TOLD YOU - MAYBE IT WOULD BE WISER TO CHOOSE ANOTHER COSTUME... ONE THAT WON'T TEMPT THE FATES AS MUCH!

LOOK, MISTER IF THIS THING DOES HALF OF WHAT YOU SAY, I'M MADE... I'LL LET YOU KNOW HOW EVERYTHING TURNS OUT!

HALLOWEEN NIGHT CAME AND IT WAS AN EAGER HAROLD WHO DONNED HIS COSTUME... AND AS HE PUT IT ON A STRANGE FEELING SWEPT OVER HIM... CHILLING HIM... THRILLING HIM.'

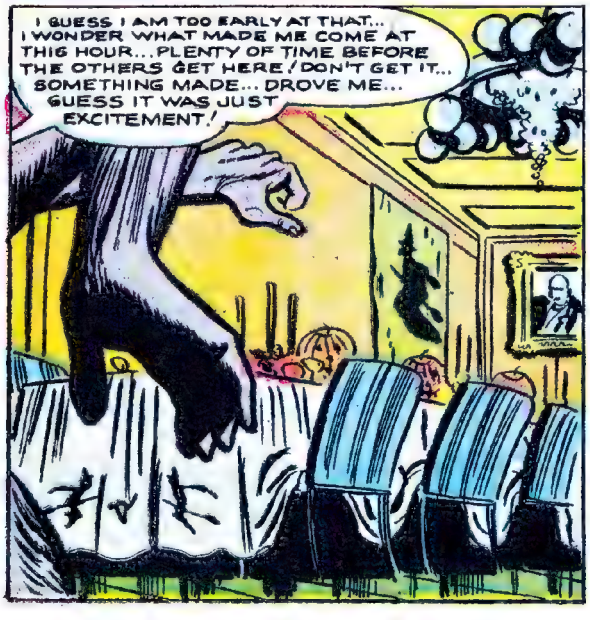


NO LONGER ABLE TO CONTROL HIS OWN WILL... PERHAPS THE DESIRE TO SEE PAM WAS SO GREAT... AT ANY RATE, HAROLD LEFT FOR THE PARTY LONG BEFORE IT WAS TO COMMENCE...

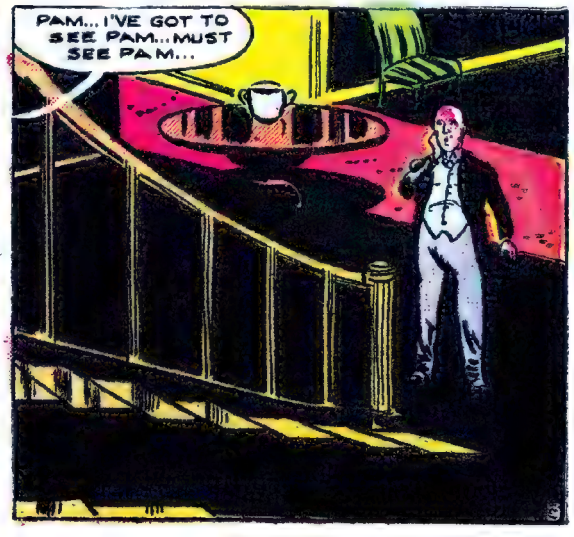

AW, IT'S JUST MY IMAGINATION... CAN'T BE ANYTHING TO THAT.' GUESS I'M JUST SO EXCITED AT BEING ABLE TO PLEASE PAM... I KNOW I CAN'T MISS WITH THIS COSTUME.'

IT WAS A GOOD NIGHT FOR A HALLOWEEN PARTY AND AS HE STOOD BEFORE THE FOREBODING MANSION HAROLD SENSED THAT THIS WAS A NIGHT STRANGE THINGS WOULD OCCUR- BUT WHAT ARE YOU WAITING THERE FOR... GO IN... GO IN.'

DID YOU SEE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE.' WOWIE.' THAT COSTUME OF YOURS MUST REALLY BE A SUCCESS.' BUT DON'T WAIT HERE, GO IN AND JOIN THE OTHERS.'


I GUESS I AM TOO EARLY AT THAT... I WONDER WHAT MADE ME COME AT THIS HOUR... PLENTY OF TIME BEFORE THE OTHERS GET HERE.' DON'T GET IT... SOMETHING MADE... DROVE ME... GUESS IT WAS JUST EXCITEMENT.'

BUT YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THE OTHERS... IT'S PAM YOU'RE INTERESTED IN... BEAUTIFUL PAM- OF THE WHITE ALABASTER SKIN AND THE BEAUTIFUL BLOOD-RED LIPS... AND THE SOFT CREAMY NECK... THAT'S WHO YOU WANT...



LOOK...THERE SHE IS NOW!
ARGHH! OH HOW YOU FRIGHTENED ME...WHO... WHAT ARE YOU?
PAM HONEY IT'S ME- IT'S HAROLD...WELL WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY COSTUME?

WHAT DOES SHE THINK OF IT- YOU SAW THE LOOK ON HER FACE DIDN'T YOU- YOU'VE PASSED THE TEST HAROLD- YOU'RE A SUCCESS!
IT'S WONDERFUL- MARVELOUS- JUST RIGHT FOR HALLOWEEN- OH HAROLD I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT!

PAM HAD TO HAVE ANOTHER LOOK- AND SHE STEPPED BACK...
A WEREWOLF- AND A PERFECT ONE TOO...EVERY DETAIL...WHY IF I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOU, I'D BELIEVE THAT YOU REALLY WERE A WEREWOLF!

NOW LET ME SHOW YOU MY COSTUME...IT WON'T TAKE ME TOO LONG TO PUT IT ON! I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S AS GOOD AS YOURS- BUT I'M SURE WE'LL MAKE A PERFECT PAIR!
I'LL WAIT HERE- I FEEL A LITTLE STRANGE...

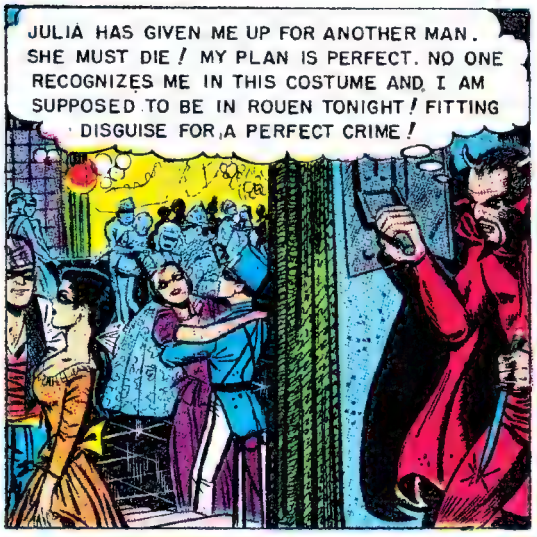
WHAT'S THE MATTER, HAROLD, DON'T YOU FEEL WELL? NOTHING TO BE FRIGHTENED OF...DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT THE MAN SAID...THESE COSTUMES HAD A STRANGE QUALITY TO THEM...MAKE THE WEARER DO STRANGE THINGS...MAKE HIM ACT THE PART OF THE COSTUME...DON'T YOU REMEMBER, YOU...YOU WEREWOLF!

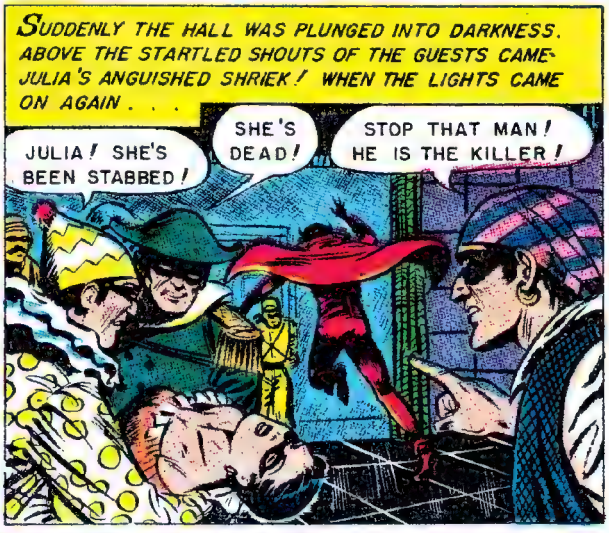
NOW YOU KNOW WHY YOU WERE SO INTERESTED IN HER WHITE ALABASTER SKIN...THE BEAUTIFUL RED LIPS...THE CREAMY NECK...NOW YOU KNOW...
CAN'T WAIT..ANY..LONGER...MUST GO TO HER...MUST KILL.. KILL...KILL!
WHERE IS SHE... WHERE IS SHE...
THAT YOU HAL? BE RIGHT WITH YOU AS SOON AS I CHANGE!
I CAN'T GET OVER YOUR COSTUME, HAROLD! BUT WAIT TILL YOU SEE MINE! I GOT IT AT THE FUNNIEST PLACE...THE ODDEST MAN SOLD IT TO ME!
WHAT IS SHE TALKING ABOUT.. CAN'T CONCENTRATE, CAN YOU? WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!
..HE EVEN WARNED ME ABOUT IT..SAID THAT THE COSTUME HAD A STRANGE QUALITY TO IT.. THAT THE PERSON WHO WORE IT WOULD DO STRANGE THINGS!
THAT'S IT, HAROLD!
ARRRGH!
SAID THAT I WOULD ACT THE PART OF THE COSTUME...WHY HAROLD, WHAT'S COME OVER YOU? WHAT'S.. WHY.. WHY I SUDDENLY FEEL SO STRANGE!
COME HAROLD.. COME CLOSER . INTO MY EMBRACE...LET ME KISS YOU . I WANT TO KISS . TO FEEL . TO TASTE OF YOUR BLOOD .
NOW, NOW YOU TWO. DON'T BE PIGS . THERE'S PLENTY FOR BOTH!
THE END

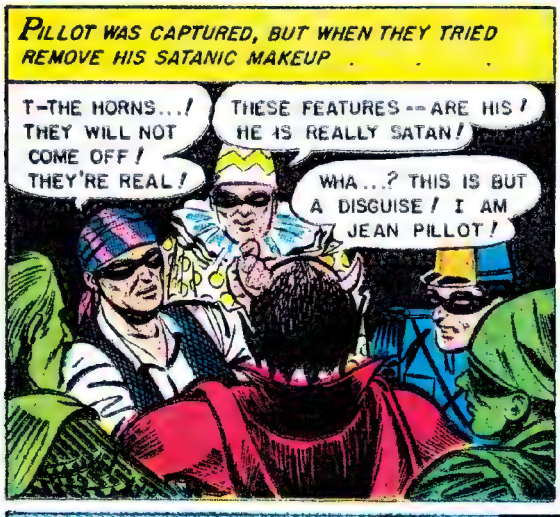
A Hand of FATE Mystery

#32

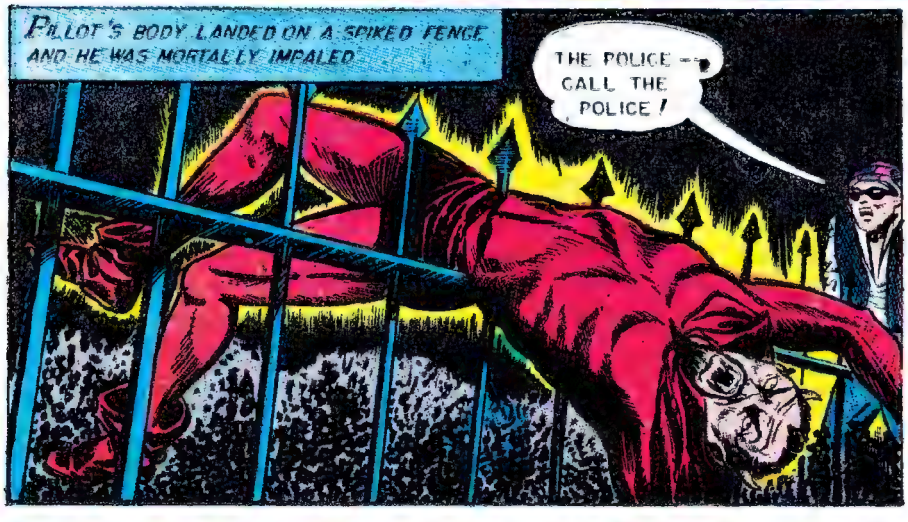
IN THE FILES OF THE PARIS POLICE THERE CAN BE FOUND A CASE HISTORY OF A CRIME THAT OCCURRED OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO. TO THIS DAY AN AURA OF THE SUPERNATURAL STILL HANGS OVER IT. IN THE HOME OF A WEALTHY FAMILY, A MASQUERADE BALL WAS IN PROGRESS AS A SPURNED SUITOR OF THE HOSTESS PLOTTED MANIACALLY IN A DARK CORNER. JEAN PILLOT WAS PLANNING **MURDER**


JULIA HAS GIVEN ME UP FOR ANOTHER MAN. SHE MUST DIE! MY PLAN IS PERFECT. NO ONE RECOGNIZES ME IN THIS COSTUME AND I AM SUPPOSED TO BE IN ROUEN TONIGHT! FITTING DISGUISE FOR A PERFECT CRIME!


SUDDENLY THE HALL WAS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS. ABOVE THE STARTLED SHOUTS OF THE GUESTS CAME JULIA'S ANGUISHED SHRIEK! WHEN THE LIGHTS CAME ON AGAIN . . .
JULIA! SHE'S BEEN STABBED!
SHE'S DEAD!
STOP THAT MAN! HE IS THE KILLER!


PILLOT WAS CAPTURED, BUT WHEN THEY TRIED REMOVE HIS SATANIC MAKEUP . . .
T-THE HORNS...! THEY WILL NOT COME OFF! THEY'RE REAL!
THESE FEATURES--ARE HIS! HE IS REALLY SATAN!
WHA...? THIS IS BUT A DISGUISE! I AM JEAN PILLOT!

UNABLE TO REMOVE THE HEINOUS FEATURES FROM HIS FACE, PILLOT BECAME TERROR-STRICKEN. HE RAN MADLY FROM THE HALL AND PLUNGED OUT OF A WINDOW FOUR STORIES OFF THE GROUND . . .



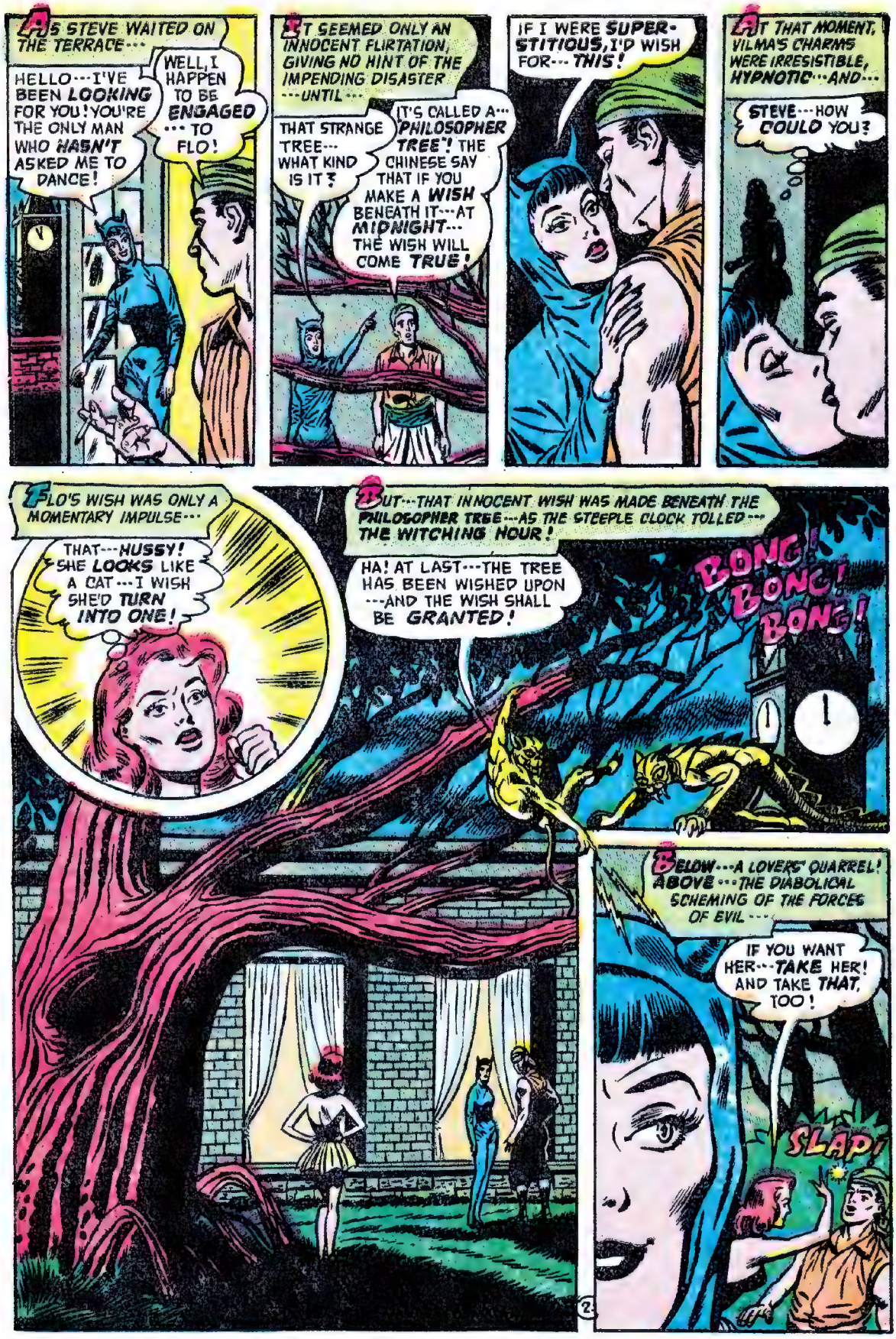
WHEN THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVED THEY WERE ASTONISHED TO FIND THE FIGURE OF THE DEVIL HANGING ON A SPIKE. MEDICAL SCIENCE COULD NOT EXPLAIN THE MACABRE TRANSFORMATION THAT OVERCAME JEAN PILLOT! THE BODY WAS CREMATED AND THE CASE FILED IN THE ANNALS OF THE UNEXPLAINABLE.

THE END

The Hand of Fate #23, June 1954. Art: attributed to Sy Grudko. Publisher: Ace Magazines.

WHAT KNOWLEDGE WE HAVE OF THE GRIM CREATURES OF THE BEYOND IS FRAGMENTARY---AND OFTEN MISLEADING! UNTIL RECENTLY, FOR EXAMPLE, IT WAS BELIEVED THAT THE MOST DREADED OF NIGHT CREATURES--- THE VAMPIRE---COULD TAKE ONLY THE FORM OF A BAT---BUT NOW WE HAVE LEARNED OTHERWISE---AS WAS PROVED BY THE SPINE-CHILLING CAREER OF---
The VAMPIRE CAT!
THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN! I MUST ACT QUICKLY--- OR PERISH!
MY STRENGTH'S GONE! CAN'T--- HOLD IT OFF--- ANY LONGER!
IT WAS ALL HALLOWS EVE, AND MIDNIGHT APPROACHED ---BUT ALL WAS MERRIMENT AT THE HOME OF FLO BLAIN---
WHO'S THE STUNNING GIRL, FLO? SHE'S VERY EXOTIC!
NAME'S VILMA, A GYPSY--- MOTHER INVITED HER FOR ATMOSPHERE! IT'S HALLOWE'EN, YOU KNOW!
TELEPHONE, MISS BLAIN!
I'LL ONLY BE A MINUTE, DARLING!
SURE, HONEY--- I'LL MEET YOU OUTSIDE!
1.

Forbidden Worlds #15, March 1953. Artist unknown. Publisher: ACG.


AS STEVE WAITED ON THE TERRACE···
HELLO···I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WHO HASN'T ASKED ME TO DANCE!
WELL, I HAPPEN TO BE ENGAGED ··· TO FLO!
IT SEEMED ONLY AN INNOCENT FLIRTATION, GIVING NO HINT OF THE IMPENDING DISASTER ···UNTIL···
THAT STRANGE TREE··· WHAT KIND IS IT?
IT'S CALLED A··· PHILOSOPHER TREE! THE CHINESE SAY THAT IF YOU MAKE A WISH BENEATH IT···AT MIDNIGHT··· THE WISH WILL COME TRUE!
IF I WERE SUPERSTITIOUS, I'D WISH FOR··· THIS!
AT THAT MOMENT, VILMA'S CHARMS WERE IRRESISTIBLE, HYPNOTIC···AND···
STEVE···HOW COULD YOU?
FLO'S WISH WAS ONLY A MOMENTARY IMPULSE···
THAT···HUSSY! SHE LOOKS LIKE A CAT···I WISH SHE'D TURN INTO ONE!
BUT···THAT INNOCENT WISH WAS MADE BENEATH THE PHILOSOPHER TREE···AS THE STEEPLE CLOCK TOLLED··· THE WITCHING HOUR!
HA! AT LAST···THE TREE HAS BEEN WISHED UPON ···AND THE WISH SHALL BE GRANTED!
BONG! BONG! BONG!
BELOW···A LOVERS' QUARREL! ABOVE···THE DIABOLICAL SCHEMING OF THE FORCES OF EVIL···
IF YOU WANT HER···TAKE HER! AND TAKE THAT, TOO!
SLAP!

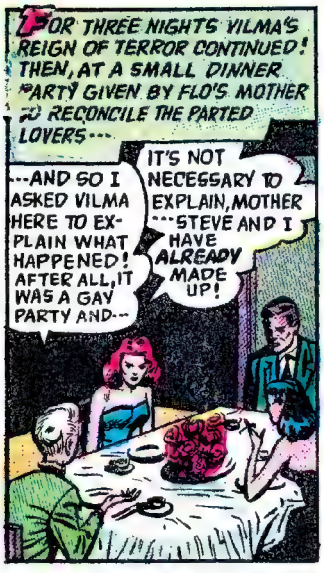
LET HER GO, STEVE! AND HOW ABOUT TAKING ME··· HOME?
WELL, OKAY! I'D BETTER GIVE FLO TIME TO COOL OFF!
The CAR SPED THROUGH THE HAUNTED NIGHT···AND IN ITS WAKE···STREAMED LIVING TERROR!
LATER, AS VILMA PREPARED TO RETIRE···
STEVE'S NICE···VERY NICE! IT'LL BE NO TROUBLE AT ALL TAKING HIM AWAY FROM FLO! AFTER ALL, I'M BEAUTIFUL ···AND···GOOD HEAVENS! MY FINGERS···
THEY···THEY'VE TURNED INTO ···CLAWS!
HAA HA HA! THE SPELL··· IT BEGINS TO WORK!
MOMENTARILY HORROR-STRUCK, VILMA RACED FOR HELP···
THE ANCIENT LORE OF THE GYPSIES··· I HEARD MUCH ABOUT THIS AS A CHILD! I MUST GO TO GRANNY!
BY THE ROADSIDE, A GYPSY TENT! WITHIN, A GNARLED CRONE ···WHOSE STRANGE WISDOM TRANSCENDED THE AGES···
SOMEONE HAS CAST A STRONG CURSE UPON YOU, MY CHILD···AND ON THE EVE OF ALL HALLOWS! THERE IS NO CURE!
BUT···BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
DO? THAT IS FOR YOU TO DECIDE! THIS I CAN TELL YOU···EACH NIGHT YOU MUST PREY ON HUMANS! IF ONE NIGHT ELAPSES WITHOUT YOUR CLAIMING A VICTIM···YOU WILL BECOME A CAT···FOR GOOD!
TH-THEN I MUST GO···AND HUNT!
3.

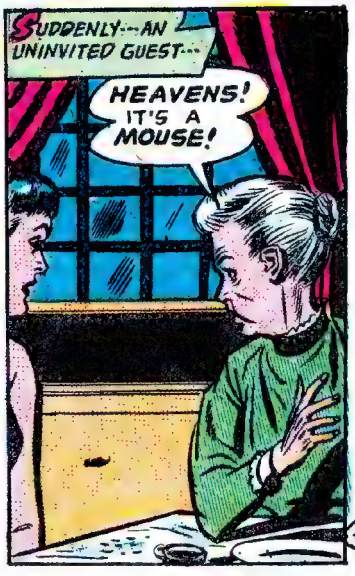
ON THE WAY HOME···VILMA FELT A DREAD CHANGE COME OVER HER···
IT'S ALMOST MORNING! I MUST FIND A VICTIM QUICKLY···BEFORE DAWN!

AFTER PARKING NEAR A DARKENED ALLEY···
AH···WHAT LUCK! EVERYTHING IS··· PERFECT!

HUGE TALONS RAKED THE DARKNESS··· BESTIAL JAWS HUNGERED FOR PREY··· WHILE DEATH LOOKED ON!
H-HELP!
GR-ROWR-R!

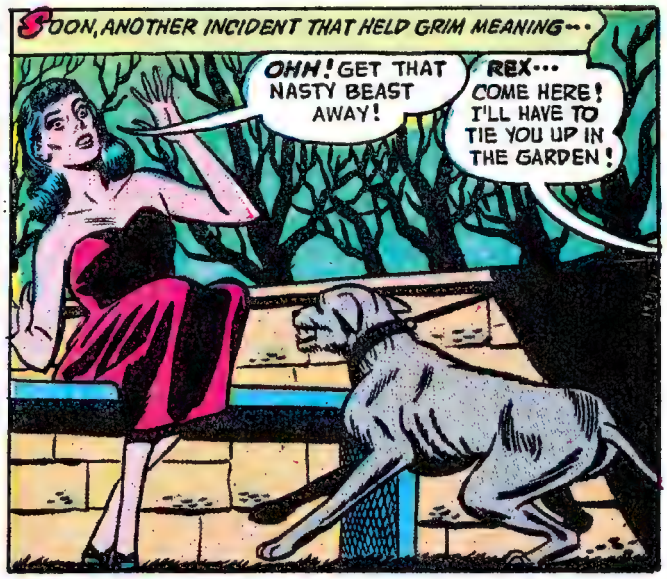
WHEN THE VICTIM HAD BEEN CLAIMED···
IT···IT'S DONE···AND I'M SAVED! BUT BEFORE TOMORROW'S DAWN···I MUST PROWL AGAIN! HA···NOW I HAVE POWER ···NOW ALL MY ENEMIES WILL SUFFER!


FOR THREE NIGHTS VILMA'S REIGN OF TERROR CONTINUED! THEN, AT A SMALL DINNER PARTY GIVEN BY FLO'S MOTHER TO RECONCILE THE PARTED LOVERS···
···AND SO I ASKED VILMA HERE TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED! AFTER ALL, IT WAS A GAY PARTY AND···
IT'S NOT NECESSARY TO EXPLAIN, MOTHER ···STEVE AND I HAVE ALREADY MADE UP!


SUDDENLY···AN UNINVITED GUEST···
HEAVENS! IT'S A MOUSE!

IMPULSIVELY, WITH A CATLIKE LEAP, VILMA SWOOPED UP THE TERRIFIED CREATURE···
HA! GOT HIM!

AS VILMA RELEASED THE MOUSE---A FEARFUL THOUGHT ENTERED STEVE'S MIND---
I--- I THINK WE'D ALL BETTER GO OUT ON THE TERRACE FOR COFFEE!
GREAT GUNS---VILMA LOOKED AS IF SHE WERE READY TO--- EAT IT!


SOON, ANOTHER INCIDENT THAT HELD GRIM MEANING---
OHH! GET THAT NASTY BEAST AWAY!
REX--- COME HERE! I'LL HAVE TO TIE YOU UP IN THE GARDEN!

LATER---AS A MURDEROUS FIGURE STALKED THE SHADOWY GARDEN---
YIPE!
YOU WON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE TO GIVE ME AWAY!

WHEN THE MANGLED CORPSE WAS FOUND---
OH---POOR REX, HE'S BEEN CLAWED TO DEATH!
HE---HE'S BEEN TORN TO SHREDS ---AS IF BY SOME GREAT CAT!

C-CAT? DARLING --- I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING GHASTLY---SOMETHING UNBELIEVABLE---BUT I CAN'T SHAKE THE IDEA!
THEN MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!

FLO TOLD OF HER GIRLISH WISH ---THAT HAD BEEN MADE UNDER THE PHILOSOPHER TREE---AT MIDNIGHT---
BUT---IT'S ONLY A LEGEND! IT COULDN'T HAVE COME TRUE!
OF COURSE NOT, HONEY--- FORGET IT!

BUT NEARBY, A HATE-CRAZED MIND LISTENED---AND PLOTTED AWFUL VENGEANCE!
SO---IT WAS SHE WHO STARTED THIS! THE FOOL---SHE'S GIVEN ME THE POWER I'VE ALWAYS WANTED! NOW---SHE MUST DIE!

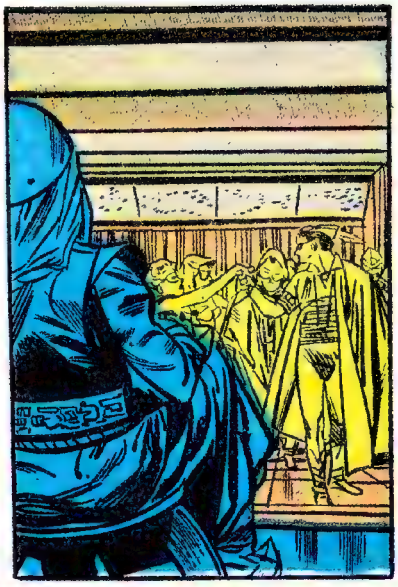
MOMENTS LATER---ECHOING FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE FOREST---
WH-WHAT'S THAT?
MRROW!
SOUNDS LIKE AN ENORMOUS --- CAT!
WAIT HERE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
STEVE! DON'T L-LEAVE ME ALONE!
WHAT A FOOL I AM! IT'S A REAL CAT! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT---HOLY MACKEREL! THAT SCREAM ---IT'S FLO!
STEVE--- HELP!
AFTER A FRANTIC SPRINT---A TERRIFYING SPECTACLE!
IT---IT'S VILMA --- HORRIBLY CHANGED! HOLD ON, FLO--- I'LL HANDLE THIS!
I DON'T WANT TO HURT HIM---YET! BUT I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!
HER GRISLY SECRET FINALLY REVEALED, THE CAT-FIEND DASHED TO HER CAR---DROVE MADLY OFF---AS STEVE AND FLO FOLLOWED!
VILMA CAUSED THOSE RECENT MURDERS! NOW WE'VE GOT TO STOP HER--- BEFORE SHE KILLS AGAIN!
SHE RIPPED HER DRESS, STEVE---SHE'S SURE TO GO HOME BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE!
UNEXPECTEDLY---STEVE STOPPED AT A PET SHOP---
THIS MAY NOT BE A PROPER WEAPON AGAINST THE SUPERNATURAL, BUT---
HURRY!
AT VILMA'S HOUSE---
IT'S DARK INSIDE--- MAYBE SHE DIDN'T GO HOME!
WE'LL SEE!

Then, INSIDE THE DARKENED ROOM··· SNARLING TERROR!
OH!
FOOLS, YOU FORGOT ···CATS CAN SEE IN THE DARK··· I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
GRROWW!
OKAY, VILMA···YOU ASKED FOR THIS!
THE LIGHT REVEALED A STRANGE SIGHT INDEED···
MEOW! ··· PUR-R-R-R!
HA! LOOKS LIKE THAT CATNIP WORKS···EVEN ON VAMPIRE CATS!
BUT···THE HUMAN IN THE BEAST WAS STILL STRONG ···STILL CUNNING···
A TRICK···AND IT HAS COST ME PRECIOUS TIME! I MUST ACT··· NOW···BEFORE DAWN!
WITH AN INHUMAN LEAP···
YAR-R-R-RGH!
A DESPERATE BATTLE FOLLOWED! SUDDENLY, A ROOSTER CROWED SHRILLY···THE DARKNESS WANED ···AND···
CRASH!
THANK HEAVENS ···SHE'S DONE FOR!
···AND IN THE NEXT MOMENT···
WELL, THERE'S VILMA ···HEAVEN HELP HER!
STEVE ···HOW HORRIBLE!
MEOW!
DAWN HAD COME, AND THUS VILMA'S EVIL WAS TRAPPED TILL DEATH·· IN THE BODY OF A HARMLESS CAT!
THE END!
7

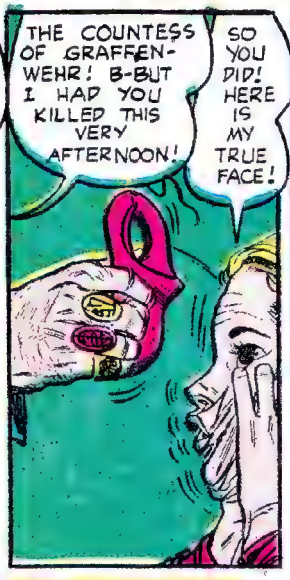
The MASK of GRAFFENWEHR
THE YEAR 1229--THE MONGOL HORDES OF TAMIS KAHN WERE SWEEPING TOWARD WESTERN EUROPE... STORMING THE LAST BARRIER IN THEIR PATH--THE CITADEL OF GRAFFENWEHR, AUSTRIA...
B-1767
HERE ARE THE COUNT AND COUNTESS OF GRAFFENWEHR, TAMIS KHAN!
TAKE THE MAN AWAY! THE WOMAN WILL STAY!
YOU WILL NEVER PLACE YOUR PAWS ON MY COUNTESS, MONGOL DOG!
I WILL SPARE MY TORTURE RACKS A TASK -- FOOL!
AARRRGHH!
THE WOMAN RUNS! I WILL CUT HER DOWN!
NO -- LET HER GET TO THE EDGE OF THE WOOD! THEN USE THE BOW! IT'LL BE BETTER SPORT!
MINUTES LATER...
SHE HAS HAD A FAIR HEAD-START! NOW PLY YOUR BOW!
OWHHH!
CLEAN SHOT, ZAGIR! AND NOW TO CELE-BRATE OUR VICTORY-- WITH THE REST OF THESE INFIDELS AS GUESTS!

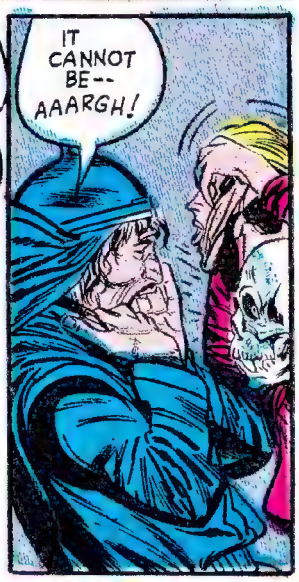
Out of The Shadows #11, January 1954. Pencils: Alex Toth; inks: Mike Peppe. Publisher: Standard.

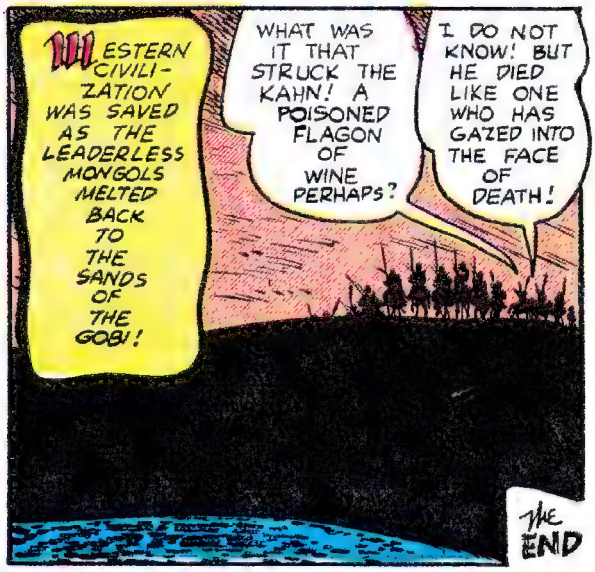
THE FIENDISH MONGOL COMMANDED THE SURVIVING KNIGHTS AND LADIES TO APPEAR AT A MASKED BALL IN THE HALL OF GRAFFENWEHR CASTLE...



ARCHERS WERE HIDDEN ON ALL SIDES OF THE HALL...






WESTERN CIVILIZATION WAS SAVED AS THE LEADERLESS MONGOLS MELTED BACK TO THE SANDS OF THE GOBI!
WHAT WAS IT THAT STRUCK THE KAHN! A POISONED FLAGON OF WINE PERHAPS?
I DO NOT KNOW! BUT HE DIED LIKE ONE WHO HAS GAZED INTO THE FACE OF DEATH!
THE END

The DEAD DANCE on HALLOWEEN
WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE, GIRL? HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THEM SAY THAT I'M A WITCH -- THAT I CAST SPELLS AND HAVE AN EVIL EYE?
YES, I'VE HEARD ALL THAT! AND THAT'S WHY I'M HERE!
Many people find a strange, alluring fascination in the shadowy mysteries of evil! Those who seek their own way, or who desire the triumph of obtaining the forbidden or the impossible, often take a dark and dreadful path to achieve their ends! Lona Thornton was one of these people! Let us follow her along the path she chose...
IF YOU HAVE THIS POWER -- IF YOU REALLY CAN CAST SPELLS AND WORK CHARMS -- I'M WILLING TO PAY WELL!
HEH... HEH... YOU WILL PAY, EH? YES... YES... I CAN SEE... YOU ARE RUTHLESS, AMBITIOUS... YOU WON'T HAGGLE OVER THE PRICE!
CACKLE... CACKLE... GRANNY HAGAR WILL SHOW YOU SHE HAS THE POWER TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND WHY YOU ARE HERE! YOU ARE LONA THORNTON... AND YOU WANT EARLE LATHROP, YOUR SISTER'S SWEETHEART! AM I RIGHT?
YES -- YOU ARE RIGHT!

Web of Mystery #14, October 1952. Art: Charles Nicholas. Publisher: Ace Magazines.

LET ME STIR MY WITCH'S BREW AND SEE WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR YOU! EH! ... 'TIS DEATH, GIRL... DEATH!
IF YOU'RE TRYING TO SEE IF I SCARE EASILY-- I CAN TELL YOU THAT I DON'T! SO GIVE ME A LOVE POTION-- I HAVEN'T TIME TO WASTE!
LOVE POTIONS COME HIGH, LONA THORNTON!
I TOLD YOU I WAS WILLING TO PAY-- HERE! THE WAY YOU LIVE, IN THIS MISERABLE SHACK, THIS IS ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU FOR A YEAR!
I DON'T NEED MONEY! I WILL COME FOR MY PAYMENT NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT! MEET ME IN THE CEMETERY... AT MIDNIGHT!
OH, ALL RIGHT-- IF YOU WANT TO DO IT THE HARD WAY! BY THAT TIME, I SHOULD KNOW IF THIS STUFF WORKS!
IT WILL WORK, DEARIE-- NEVER FEAR-- HEH... HEH... HEH...
YOU WILL BE THERE, DEARIE-- AT THE CEMETERY-- TUESDAY NIGHT-- HEH... HEH! 'TIS HALLOWEEN EVE WHEN THE WITCHES AND THE DEAD DANCE!
IF THAT OLD HAG THINKS I'M GOING TO MEET HER IN THE CEMETERY ON TUESDAY NIGHT OR ANY OTHER NIGHT, SHE'S CRAZY! I WONDER IF THIS LOVE POTION WILL REALLY WORK?
WHEN LONA REACHED HOME, SHE FOUND HER SISTER MARGOT SERVING TEA TO EARLE LATHROP...
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO JOIN US, LONA!
I HATE TEA! AND I'M SURE EARLE WOULD MUCH RATHER HAVE A COCKTAIL!

LONA MIXED UP THE COCKTAIL AND ADDED THE POTION SHE HAD GOTTEN FROM GRANNY HAGAR!
SAY-- THIS IS GOOD! WHAT'S IN IT?
EARLE! Y--YOU LOOK SO STRANGE!
WHO CARES HOW YOU THINK I LOOK-- YOU STUPID FOOL! LONA'S DIFFERENT! LONA'S THE GIRL FOR ME!
SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! THAT OLD HAG TRICKED ME!
EARLE-- WHAT HAPPENED? OHH!
COME ON, BEAUTIFUL THING-- WE'LL HUNT UP SOME EXCITEMENT!
LET ME ALONE!
YOU'RE CRAZY ABOUT ME AND YOU KNOW IT! I DON'T LIKE MY GIRLS TO FIGHT BACK! THIS WILL TEACH YOU!
STOP! STOP!
AGH!
SMACK!
SHUT UP! AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
NO... NO... DON'T... LET ME ALONE ... IT'S MARGOT YOU LOVE-- YOU'VE ALWAYS LOVED MARGOT!
LOVE MARGOT? NO-- I LOVE YOU! I'M NEVER GOING TO LET YOU GET AWAY FROM ME AGAIN!
LET ME GO... OH, WHAT SHALL I DO? IT'S THAT STUFF THE WITCH GAVE ME THAT I PUT IN HIS DRINK! BUT I DIDN'T DREAM IT WOULD CHANGE HIM LIKE THIS!
THE WOODS-- THAT'S WHERE WE'LL GO-- GET AWAY FROM THINGS--- GRRRR!
HELP! HELP! OH, SOMEBODY HELP ME!
3

IN THE SMOKY VAPOR RISING FROM HER POT OF WITCH'S BREW, GRANNY HAGAR SAW THE RESULT OF THE LOVE-POTION...
CACKLE...CACKLE...YOU LONG DESIRED THE LOVE OF THE MAN WHO BELONGED TO YOUR SISTER, LONA THORNTON... AND NOW HE IS YOURS...HEH...HEH... WHY DO YOU STRUGGLE AND SCREAM?
HUNTERS! MAYBE THEY CAN SHOOT THE BEAST EARLE HAS BECOME-- AND I'LL BE SAVED!
HELP! SHOOT! SHOOT!
WATCH OUT-- DON'T HIT THE GIRL! BUT WHAT KIND OF BEAST IS THAT?
IT LOOKS LIKE A GORILLA! MUST HAVE ESCAPED FROM A ZOO OR CIRCUS!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
AS EARLE FELL UNDER THE HAIL OF BULLETS, LONA WRESTED HERSELF FROM HIM AND RAN...
I HOPE THEY KILL HIM-- BUT I'M GOING TO GET AWAY FROM HIM WHILE I CAN!
WE SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM WHILE WE HAD A CHANCE! NOW IF WE SHOOT-- WE'LL HIT ED!
EOWW!
HE CRACKED ED'S NECK LIKE IT WAS A TOOTHPICK! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
BULLETS DON'T STOP HIM! BUT-- BUT AT LEAST THE GIRL ESCAPED!
SMASH!
NO, LOOK! HE'S STARTED AFTER THE GIRL AGAIN!
OHH! HE'S COMING!
BANG! BANG!
4

WITH EARLE READY TO GRAB HER, LONA SUDDENLY SAW GRANNY HAGAR IN THE BUSHES...
GRANNY HAGAR! YOU HORRIBLE OLD FIEND! THIS IS YOUR DOING! SAVE ME-- SAVE ME---
WILL YOU SAVE YOUR BODY AT THE EXPENSE OF YOUR SOUL, GIRL?
YES...YES... I'LL DO ANYTHING... JUST KEEP THIS DREADFUL CREATURE FROM TOUCHING ME!
GRR!
HEH... HEH... THEN SINK YOUR CLAWS INTO HIM, MY PRETTY BLACK ONE! WHEN THE PERSON WHO HAS GIVEN THE POTION DRAWS THE BLOOD OF HER VICTIM, HE IS LOOSED FROM THE SPELL!
SPTT! SPTT!
OHH! I-- I'M WOUNDED... SICK! WHAT HAS HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?
MEIOWWW... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME, YOU DREADFUL OLD CREATURE?
YOU JUST GAVE YOUR SOUL INTO MY KEEPING, LONA THORNTON-- AND IN SO DOING YOU BECAME ONE OF US--THE DARK BAND WHOSE MAGIC IS LEARNED FROM THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS!
MEIOWW...YOU TRICKED ME! YOU TOOK AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE OF ME! BUT GIVE ME BACK MY NORMAL SHAPE AND YOU CAN KEEP MY SOUL!
I SHALL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR NORMAL SHAPE-- BUT DO NOT FORGET THAT YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO KEEP NEXT TUESDAY AT MIDNIGHT!
TUESDAY... HALLOWEEN... WHEN THE DEAD AND THE WITCHES DANCE...
UGH!...WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO PUT MYSELF UNDER THAT CREATURE'S POWER... BUT I'LL OUTWIT HER!
5

AND TO THINK I GOT MYSELF INTO THIS MESS BECAUSE I WAS SO STUPIDLY IN LOVE WITH EARLE LATHROP, AND MAD BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T SEE ANYONE BUT MARGOT!
LEAVING EARLE FOR DEAD, LONA WENT DIRECTLY INTO TOWN WITH THE FIRM INTENTION OF DOING WHAT SHE COULD TO GET RID OF GRANNY HAGAR...
THAT GRANNY HAGAR IS A DANGEROUS PERSON, SHERIFF! NOBODY'S SAFE WITH HER AROUND! THEY SAY SHE'S A WITCH-- BUT I'M SURE SHE'S JUST AN EVIL CHARACTER WHO WOULD KILL OR STEAL OR KIDNAP!
BURN HER SHACK! RIDE HER OUT OF TOWN ON A RAIL!
WHILE, IN THE MEANTIME...
WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? I REMEMBER DRINKING SOMETHING THAT LONA MIXED UP-- AND THEN--I FOUND MYSELF LYING IN THE WOODS!
TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT, EARLE! I'M NOT SURE MYSELF WHAT HAPPENED! BUT NOW I MUST GET BACK TO THE HOUSE!
GRANNY HAGAR SAW IT ALL...
DANGER LURKS, BUT NOT FOR ME, THE SOUL I BOUGHT SHALL NOT GO FREE. ITS EVIL PLANNING BUT MAKES WORSE THE DREADED FATE OF A WITCH'S CURSE!
...SAW THE TURMOIL IN THE TOWN...
THE LAW'S TOO SLOW! WHY SHOULD WE PUT THE OLD HAG IN JAIL AND HAVE TO FEED HER? WE'LL BURN HER OUT...
WELL, THAT SHOULD FIX OLD GRANNY HAGAR! SHE AND ALL THAT TALK OF HERS ABOUT MEETING HER TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE CEMETERY! POOH!
AND LATER...
THE WITCH IS GONE!
SHE PROBABLY HEARD US COMING AND RAN! WELL, GOOD RIDDANCE! SHE'LL BE TOO SCARED TO COME BACK NOW THAT SHE KNOWS WE MEAN BUSINESS!
HEH... HEH... LOOK AT THE FOOLS, MY SISTERS! THEY DO NOT KNOW THAT MY REAL HOME IS HERE WITH YOU AMONG THE ROCKS THAT GUARD THE CEMETERY! AND THE GIRL, WHOSE SOUL WE HOLD, BELIEVES SHE HAS ESCAPED US!

A WEEK PASSED, AND WITH THE DAYS, LONA'S LOVE FOR EARLE RETURNED, AND HER HATRED FOR HER SISTER GREW...

YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND WONDERFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD, MARGOT! WITHOUT YOUR WONDERFUL CARE I COULD NEVER HAVE RECOVERED!

I WAS A FOOL TO LET GRANNY HAGAR TRICK ME! WHAT I SHOULD DO IS GET RID OF MARGOT! THEN EARLE WILL TURN TO ME FOR SYMPATHY AND COMFORT!

I'LL GET RID OF MARGOT TONIGHT! NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW! SHE'LL JUST DISAPPEAR! I'LL ASK HER TO TAKE A WALK WITH ME-- I'LL PUSH HER OFF THE CLIFF-- I'LL BURY THE BODY UNDER THE ROCKS--

THAT NIGHT...

YOU WERE RIGHT, LONA! IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT, BUT EVERYTHING SEEMS A LITTLE EERIE! PERHAPS IT'S THE MOON ON THOSE CEMETERY STONES DOWN THERE -- OR PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE OF HALLOWEEN!

IT'S YOUR LAST NIGHT ON EARTH, MARGOT-- BECAUSE NOW-- I SHALL KILL YOU!

BUT SUDDENLY THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH DARK SHAPES SPRINGING AT LONA! STARTLED AND TERRIFIED, SHE LOST HER BALANCE...

MEOWuuu!

SSPT!

STTT!

OHH!

BATTERED AND BRUISED, LONA'S BODY HURTLED DOWN THE ROCKS TO THE CEMETERY BELOW...

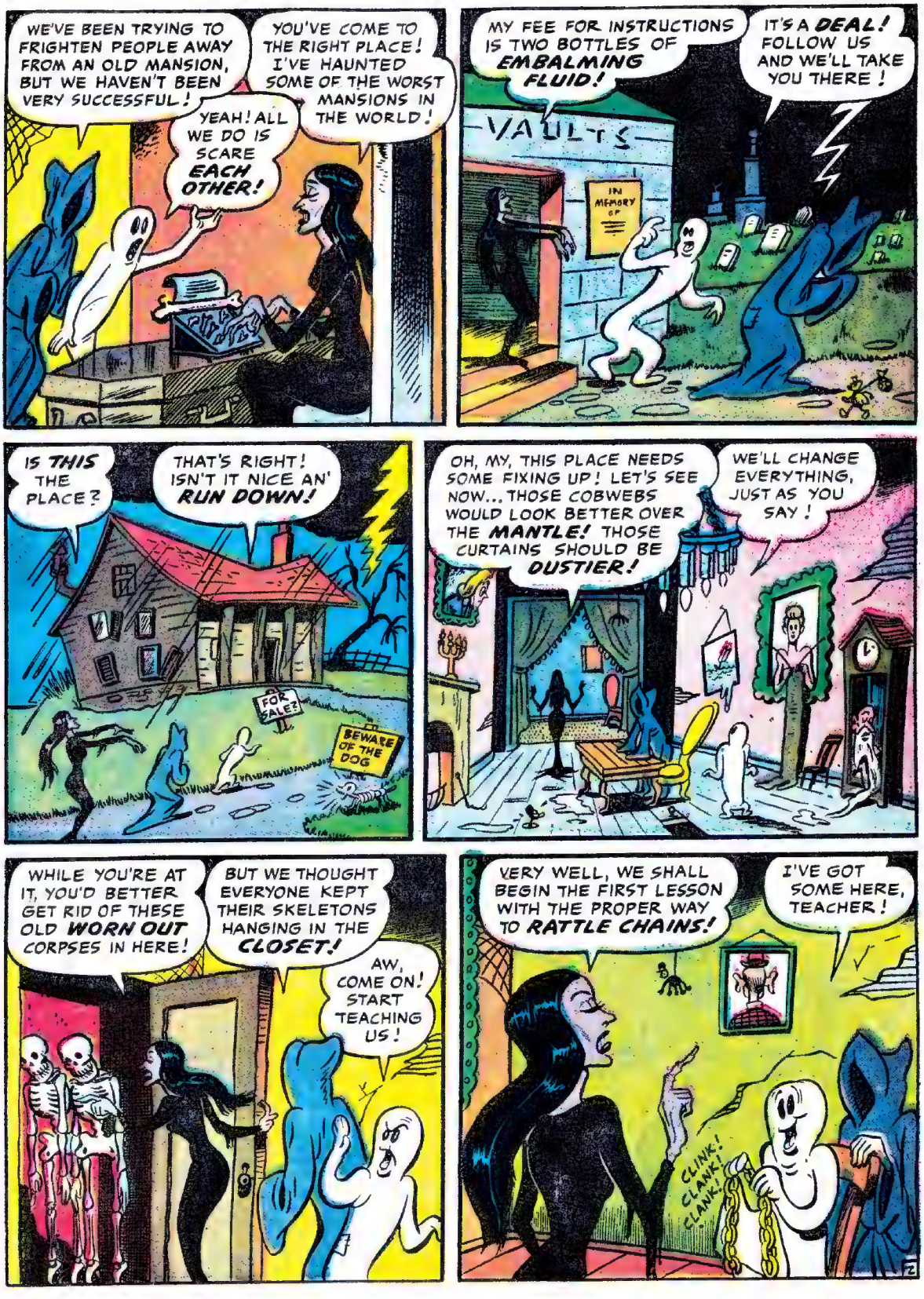
CACKLE... CACKLE... IT IS TUESDAY MIDNIGHT, LONA THORNTON, AND YOU HAVE KEPT YOUR APPOINTMENT! YOU WILL RISE FROM YOUR GRAVE EVERY HALLOWEEN AND JOIN US AGAIN... EVEN THOUGH YOU DO NOT LIKE OUR COMPANY!

BECAUSE THIS IS THE NIGHT WE DANCE WITH THE DEAD, LONA -- AND LAST WEEK YOU MADE A DATE WITH DOOM! IT WAS THE PRICE YOU PAID FOR YOUR LOVE POTION! HEH... HEH... HEH... YOU SHOULD NEVER TRY TO CHEAT A WITCH -- OR DEATH!

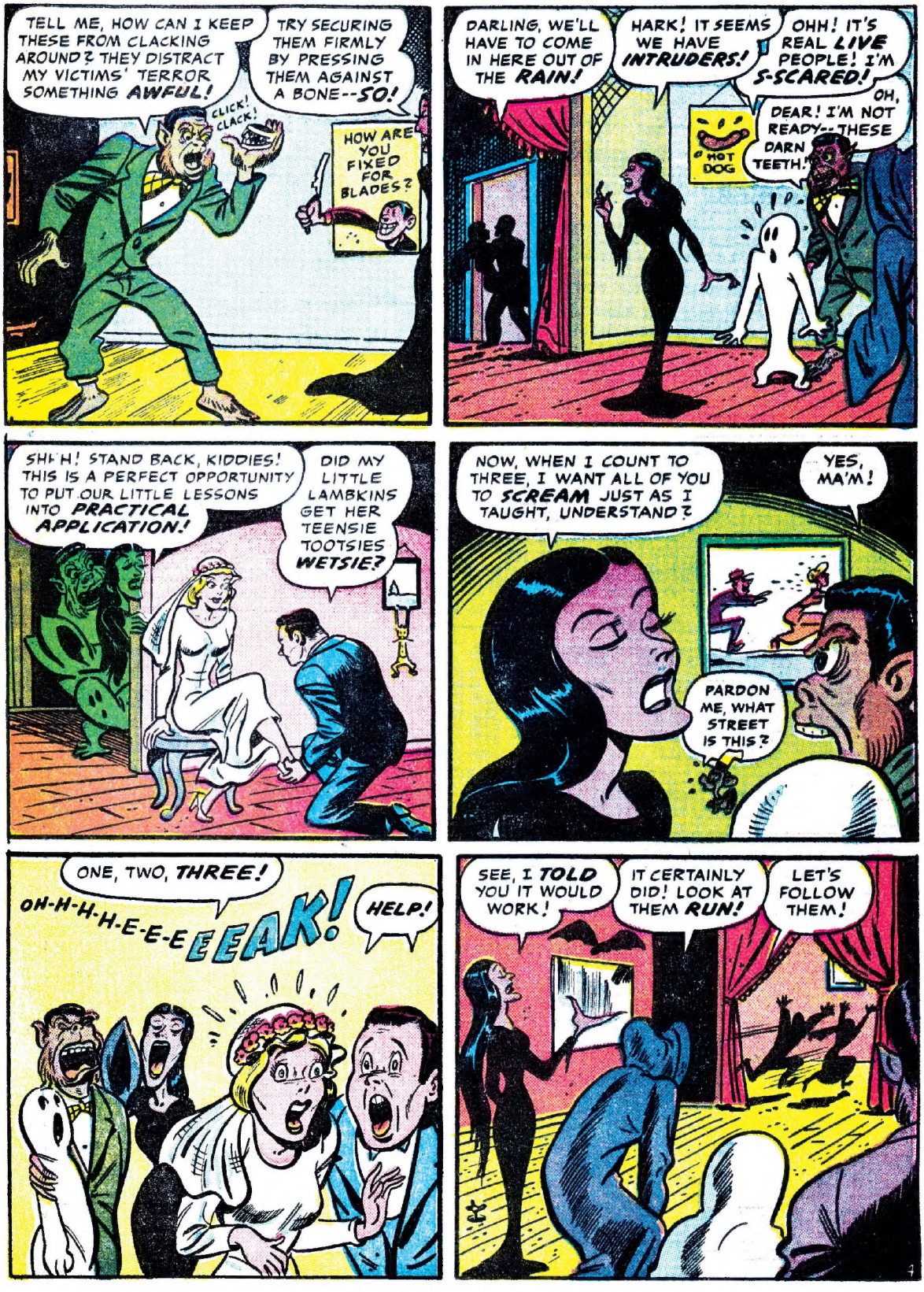
THE END

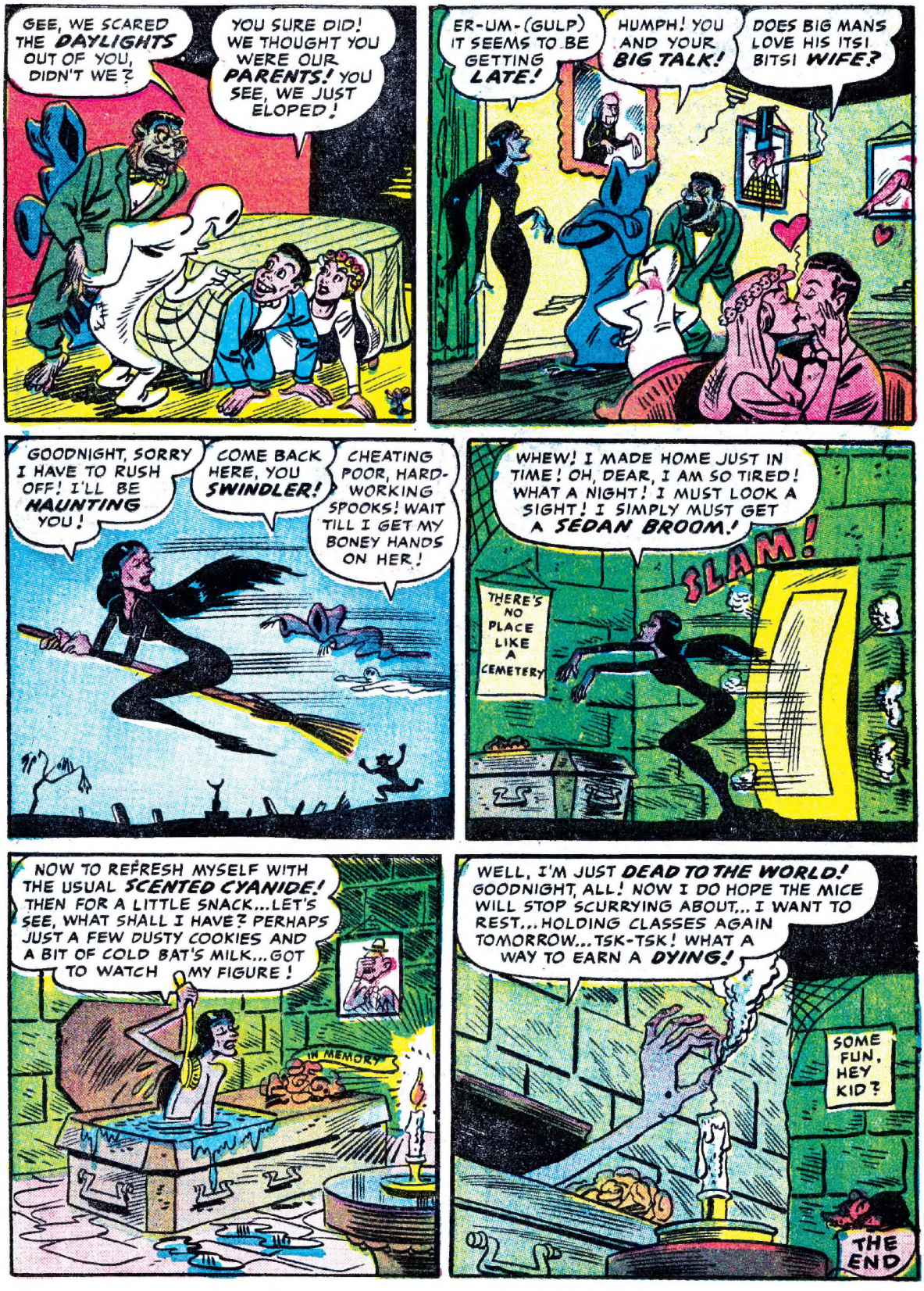
UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE A STUMBLING SPOOK IN THE SPIRIT SOCIAL-LAND, YOU HAD BETTER READ THIS FEATURE FOR GHOSTS! TIPS ON CLEVER HAUNTING AND AFTER MIDNIGHT ENTERTAINMENT INCLUDED! THIS IS THE ONLY AUTHENTIC DO-IT-YOURSELF-AFTER-YOU'VE-GONE-GUIDE-BOOK!
HOW TO BE A GRACIOUS GHOST!
HERE Y'ARE, FRIENDS! I HAVE HERE THE LATEST BOOK OF EMILY GHOST, ON CORRECT SPIRIT BEHAVIOR! THIS IS SOMETHING THAT NO PHANTOM CAN AFFORD TO BE CAUGHT DEAD WITHOUT! IT'S ALL YOURS FOR ONLY FIVE COFFIN NAILS! YOU SAY YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED? YOU SAY YOU WANT MORE FOR YOUR MONEY? --TELL YOU WHAT I'M GONNA DO---
DON'T YOU THINK WE BETTER GET A COPY, CHARLIE?
YES, IT MAY GIVE US THE INFORMATION WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!
MANNERS, BANNAS! WHO CARES!
THIS IS A VERY HORRIBLE PIECE OF LITERATURE, BUT IT DOESN'T TELL US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW!
THEN THE ONLY THING LEFT TO DO IS TO GO AND SEE THIS EMILY GHOST, HERSELF!
PARDON THE INTRUSION, MISS GHOST, BUT WE SEEK ADVICE!
QUITE ALL RIGHT! WHAT SEEMS TO BE YOUR TROUBLE!
DON'T THINK
IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK
WHERE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S TAXES!

Strange #2, June 1957. Art: attributed to Gerald Altman. Publisher: Farrell.


WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO FRIGHTEN PEOPLE AWAY FROM AN OLD MANSION, BUT WE HAVEN'T BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL!
YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE! I'VE HAUNTED SOME OF THE WORST MANSIONS IN THE WORLD!
YEAH! ALL WE DO IS SCARE EACH OTHER!
MY FEE FOR INSTRUCTIONS IS TWO BOTTLES OF EMBALMING FLUID!
IT'S A DEAL! FOLLOW US AND WE'LL TAKE YOU THERE!
VAULTS
IN MEMORY OF
IS THIS THE PLACE?
THAT'S RIGHT! ISN'T IT NICE AN' RUN DOWN!
FOR SALE?
BEWARE OF THE DOG
OH, MY, THIS PLACE NEEDS SOME FIXING UP! LET'S SEE NOW... THOSE COBWEBS WOULD LOOK BETTER OVER THE MANTLE! THOSE CURTAINS SHOULD BE DUSTIER!
WE'LL CHANGE EVERYTHING, JUST AS YOU SAY!
WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, YOU'D BETTER GET RID OF THESE OLD WORN OUT CORPSES IN HERE!
BUT WE THOUGHT EVERYONE KEPT THEIR SKELETONS HANGING IN THE CLOSET!
AW, COME ON! START TEACHING US!
VERY WELL, WE SHALL BEGIN THE FIRST LESSON WITH THE PROPER WAY TO RATTLE CHAINS!
I'VE GOT SOME HERE, TEACHER!
CLINK! CLANK! CLANK!

PLEASE! SPOOK ONLY WHEN SPOOKEN TO! NOW, PLEASE NOTICE HOW I HOLD THE CHAIN WITH THE LITTLE FINGER EXTENDED!
?!
YES, MA'M! I SEE...
WHILE SHAKING THEM OPEN YOUR MOUTH WIDE AND MOAN AND GROAN LIKE THIS---
OH-H-H-H-E-EAK!
OH-EEK!
NOW, YOU TRY IT!
CLANK! A-DE-CLUNK! CLANK!
NO, NO, YOUR DICTION IS BAD! THE SOUND MUST COME FROM YOUR DIAPHRAGM! NOW PRONOUNCE AFTER ME---HOW NOW BROWN COW!
BUT WHAT'S A COW GOT TO DO WITH THIS?
MAY I COME IN?
WELCOME, FRIEND! MY, WHAT A HANDSOME BRUTE!
CRASH!
WHO IS HE AND WHAT DOES HE WANT?
I'M THE NEIGHBOR WHO HAUNTS NEXT DOOR! I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD BORROW A CUP OF ARSENIC?
OH, SURE, WEREWOLF! I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!
I COULDN'T HELP BUT OVERHEAR YOU TEACHING THESE FELLOWS, MA'M--COULD I JOIN THIS CLASS? I COULD USE SOME LEARNIN'!
CERTAINLY, MISTER WEREWOLF, IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT!


TELL ME, HOW CAN I KEEP THESE FROM CLACKING AROUND? THEY DISTRACT MY VICTIMS' TERROR SOMETHING AWFUL!
CLICK! CLACK!
TRY SECURING THEM FIRMLY BY PRESSING THEM AGAINST A BONE--SO!
HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR BLADES?
DARLING, WE'LL HAVE TO COME IN HERE OUT OF THE RAIN!
HARK! IT SEEMS WE HAVE INTRUDERS!
OHH! IT'S REAL LIVE PEOPLE! I'M S-SCARED!
HOT DOG
OH, DEAR! I'M NOT READY--THESE DARN TEETH!
SHH! STAND BACK, KIDDIES! THIS IS A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO PUT OUR LITTLE LESSONS INTO PRACTICAL APPLICATION!
DID MY LITTLE LAMBKINS GET HER TEENSIE TOOTSIES WETSIE?
NOW, WHEN I COUNT TO THREE, I WANT ALL OF YOU TO SCREAM JUST AS I TAUGHT, UNDERSTAND?
YES, MA'M!
PARDON ME, WHAT STREET IS THIS?
ONE, TWO, THREE!
OH-H-H-H-E-E-E EEAK!
HELP!
SEE, I TOLD YOU IT WOULD WORK!
IT CERTAINLY DID! LOOK AT THEM RUN!
LET'S FOLLOW THEM!


GEE, WE SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YOU, DIDN'T WE?
YOU SURE DID! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE OUR PARENTS! YOU SEE, WE JUST ELOPED!
ER-UM-(GULP) IT SEEMS TO BE GETTING LATE!
HUMPH! YOU AND YOUR BIG TALK!
DOES BIG MANS LOVE HIS ITSI BITSI WIFE?
GOODNIGHT, SORRY I HAVE TO RUSH OFF! I'LL BE HAUNTING YOU!
COME BACK HERE, YOU SWINDLER!
CHEATING POOR, HARD-WORKING SPOOKS! WAIT TILL I GET MY BONEY HANDS ON HER!
WHEW! I MADE HOME JUST IN TIME! OH, DEAR, I AM SO TIRED! WHAT A NIGHT! I MUST LOOK A SIGHT! I SIMPLY MUST GET A SEDAN BROOM!
SLAM!
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE A CEMETERY
NOW TO REFRESH MYSELF WITH THE USUAL SCENTED CYANIDE! THEN FOR A LITTLE SNACK...LET'S SEE, WHAT SHALL I HAVE? PERHAPS JUST A FEW DUSTY COOKIES AND A BIT OF COLD BAT'S MILK...GOT TO WATCH MY FIGURE!
IN MEMORY
WELL, I'M JUST DEAD TO THE WORLD! GOODNIGHT, ALL! NOW I DO HOPE THE MICE WILL STOP SCURRYING ABOUT... I WANT TO REST...HOLDING CLASSES AGAIN TOMORROW...TSK-TSK! WHAT A WAY TO EARN A DYING!
SOME FUN, HEY KID?
THE END

Tyrant Lizard Kings
EMPIRE